

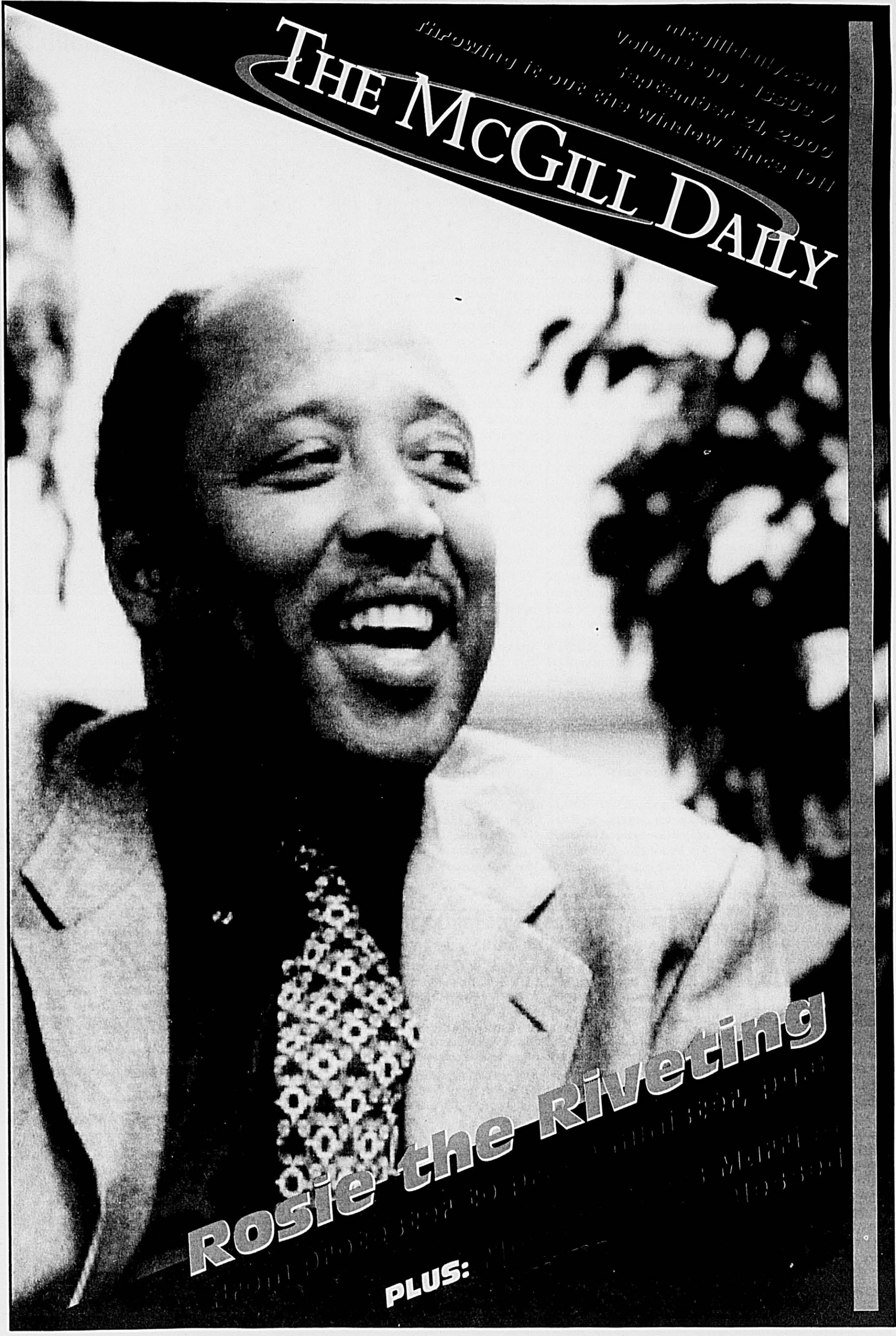
THE MCGILL DAILY

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7bis

ROSIE the Riveting

PLUS:



Up Against The Big Mac

Montreal students run union drive against corporate giant

BY ADAM SHAPIRO
News Reporter

Pascal McDuff and his fellow employees at the Peel street McDonald's were ready for a change in working conditions when they decided to unionize the McDonald's where they worked.

On Monday, September 18, with loudspeakers at the McDonald's front door, McDuff and some of his co-workers got their two cents worth, with the help of the Confédération des Syndicats Nationaux, Quebec's largest union group.

"Look at all these people around us, this is for us," said an excited Sebastien Clun, referring to the 150 people who had gathered to watch the protest. Clun is one of the three eighteen-year-old high school students who began the unionization drive in early August.

Clun says that McDonald's has done everything in its power to prevent his branch from having a successful union drive.

"McDonald's [told us] it's not legal for one restaurant to unionize in a chain, but [we know now that] that's not true; it is legal," he said.

McDuff, Clun, and Maxime Crompt had

worked together at the downtown location in the same entry-level positions, receiving the same pay for three years before they decided to do something about it.

"McDonald's is a world leader in exploiting youths," said McDuff. "Why don't they redistribute the millions that we, the employees, make for them?"

McDonald's' response to the protest seems to be ambivalence. The corporation did not return calls on the matter. However, franchise owner Michel Marchand said in a prepared statement that he was "surprised" to hear that a request for union certification had been filed.

"You can appreciate, of course, that as a local independent businessman, this situation is very new to me," Marchand said.

McDuff feels that with the help of the CSN they will be able to unionize the McDonald's and set a precedent which would encourage other chains across North America to do the same. In doing so, McDuff says, the employees will enjoy regular pay increases and promotions.

However, the fast food chain has a long and nearly-perfect record of keeping unions from forming. In 1998 the Plateau location attempted unionization with the support of The Teamsters, another union group, but the attempt failed when the

owners of the McDonald's thinned out the employees' consensus to unionize by swapping them from one location to another. Another St-Hubert franchise was closed in the middle of their unionization attempts for financial reasons - according to the owners.

The only time a union was formed at a McDonald's location in North America was in Squamish, British Columbia in August of 1998. However, the employees voted to decertify the union less than a year later.

With the support of the CSN and the people who came down to chant in front of the restaurant, Clun wasn't worried about the past success rate of McDonald's unions.

At 12:30 p.m., after one hour of demonstrations at their front door, the Peel McDonald's closed until the rally disbanded. The new young employees, whom Clun says had been hired to dilute the strong overall conviction of the staff to unionize, stood at the window with blank expressions on their faces.

According to Quebec law at least 50 per cent of the employees must agree to unionize in order for certification. The challenge that McDuff and his friends face is to convince those new young workers to go against their new bosses.



Adam Shapiro

Monday's protest outside of the McDonald's on Peel

news-briefs



SENATE DEBATE A TRIPLE WORD BORE

At a meeting yesterday, Senate decided not to hear a motion to officially congratulate a McGill professor who is also a world-renown gamesman.

Political Science Professor Sam Noumoff made the motion that would have had McGill issue an official kudos to Joel Wapnick, a Faculty of Music professor who took home the world's Scrabble championship in an international competition last November.

But in what became one of the most contentious debates of the afternoon meeting, many Senators expressed concern over giving Wapnick an official pat-on-the-back.

"I think there are risks in this," Chemistry professor Patrick Farrell told Senate. "If you vote for it, you won't see the end of calls for recognition... If we vote against it, we would be in an embarrassing position."

Following Farrell's statements, Senators voted overwhelmingly to table the matter pending further consideration of how best to ensure that deserving faculty are commended for winning awards.

Noumoff, the lone Senator opposing the motion's tabling, said he thought it was

Senate's role to congratulate faculty whose academic pursuits earned them awards. "We should really give some public recognition to one of our colleagues," Noumoff said. "I thought this was an appropriate place to give him that recognition."

-Jon Bricker

CAREER FAIR A SUCCESS

Employers hoping to lure in prospective workers were in the Shatner Ballroom yesterday to speak with students at the Arts and Science Career Fair.

Over 600 students came during the

course of the day to meet representatives from organizations as diverse as Petro-Canada, London Life and the Canadian Public Service Commission.

The career fair was geared towards students with a background in science or economics, but most companies said they would consider hiring university graduates with any degree.

The event was organized by the Arts Undergraduate Society, the Science Undergraduate Society and McGill's Career and Placement Services.

"A lot of companies will come now that aren't necessarily interested in a

career fair that's all Arts," said Jen Sloan, VP External of AUS.

"Working with the SUS, we have a wider variety of students that come and, with that, a wider variety of companies. A lot of students that wouldn't necessarily find employment at an all Arts career fair, find it at one like this. It's a place to network, really," she said.

While some students with liberal arts degrees complained that there were few options that interested them, the economics and science majors were pleased with the selection of biotechnology and financial services

companies on hand.

The companies, in turn, were impressed by the caliber of McGill students and thought that the career fair concept was beneficial in more than one way.

"We're here to brand our name, that's one of our main reasons for being here," said Tina Scalara, a representative of the pharmaceutical company Merck Frosst.

"Also, we want to build partnerships with the university so that we can attract top talent to our company."

-Scotty Henderson

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Education Left Out of \$12-billion Surplus

Paul Martin works on debt, disappoints schools

BY SIMON RABINOVITCH
The McGill Daily

Canada posted a whopping \$12.3-billion budgetary surplus for the fiscal year of 1999-2000, Finance Minister Paul Martin announced Tuesday. Critics, however, are upset with how the money is being spent.

While the Liberal government plans to use the surplus to make the largest debt paydown ever in the country's history, there will be no boost whatsoever of provincial transfer payments that could have helped fund education or health care.

Critics from the Canadian Federation of Students and within the Quebec government believe that the Liberals are neglecting social spending priorities. As well, they question whether Martin was overly miserly in his budget allotments last February, fully aware that revenues would be as high as they are.

"To somehow suggest that this is a big surprise is just ridiculous," said Michael Temelini, a CFS spokesperson.

"The federal government projected this kind of surplus and I think it's just a convenient way for Paul Martin to allocate the unspent surplus to paying off part of the national debt rather than restoring social programs like health and education."

Temelini also said that the Liberals' move is not consistent with what the Canadian people are demanding. Opinion polls have shown that at least three-quarters of the population is more concerned

with improved health care and education than lowered taxes or debt reduction, according to Temelini.

"We've been saying all along that the federal government needs to restore the cuts to the provinces in order to help the education system," he said.

"They seem only to be listening to the powerful and the wealthy."

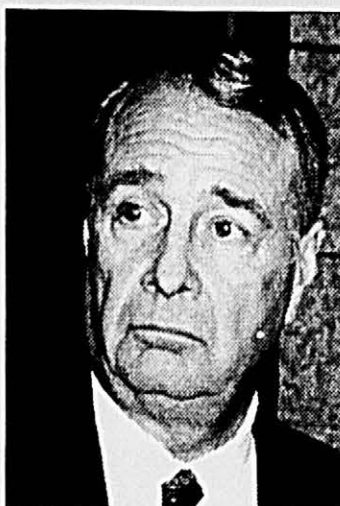
Quebec Finance Minister Bernard Landry echoed Temelini's sentiments, arguing that the federal government reaped in its huge surplus in large part by not fulfilling its responsibility to the provinces.

"In an intelligent federalism, there is a principle that the closest government to a problem takes care of it and has the means to do so," said Landry.

"Here, the federal government has done the opposite. This restricts us in our management of the finances in Quebec."

Martin disputed this account, explaining that Canada's economic performance over the fiscal year ended March 31 was stronger than anticipated, freeing up the extra money for debt payback. Reducing the massive federal debt accumulated over three decades has been a cause strongly championed by Martin in the past few years. With yesterday's numbers, he said that he has made great strides in "cutting up the federal government's credit card."

By dedicating the \$12-billion to debt repayment, the Liberals will save close to \$1-billion in annual interest costs. Martin



Paul Martin enjoys a \$12 billion surplus

claims that easing the government's interest burden will ultimately help the social causes that Quebec, CFS, and others feel are being forgotten.

"This means we will have greater resources to build a better future," Martin said. "It means that we will be able to finance key priorities like the agreement reached last week by first ministers to secure and sustain medicare."

The agreement referred to by Martin was the deal struck last Tuesday between Prime Minister Jean Chrétien and the premiers that will bring in a \$21.1-billion increase in transfer payments over the next five years. The cash injections will not begin until 2001-2002 though, and forecasters are predicting another \$12-billion surplus for the current fiscal year, money that has not yet been earmarked for any purpose.

Cheers and Jeers for Bookstore at Senate

BY JON BRICKER
The McGill Daily

Senate Bookstore Committee chair Kerry McSweeney told senators yesterday afternoon that McGill's bookstore is back under control and has dealt with most of the problems that earned it a number of critics one year ago.

"I'm pleased to report that the bookstore did rather well," McSweeney said referring to Chapters' management of the book buying blitz at the start of this semester.

He reported that 92 per cent of books were on the bookstore's shelves by the end of the first week of school, a significant jump from last fall.

While he added that there was still room for improvement, he said that most of the remaining 8 per cent could be blamed on back-orders and late requisitions by instructors.

He added that last year's concerns about price discrepancies had been dealt with.

McSweeney finished by saying that despite threats over the summer that Chapters Inc.'s rumoured financial woes would jeopardize availability of books at McGill's Chapters-run store, a crisis was narrowly averted.

The Daily reported on September 7 that things had become tense over the summer when a few of Chapters' suppliers had put the retail giant on credit-hold because of its failure to pay bills.

Yesterday, McSweeney told Senate that Chapters' problems had "virtually no negative impact" on McGill's bookstore.

But Law professor Richard Janda wondered if McGill should be concerned that similar problems would arise again.

"I wonder [if] the contingencies in place should we face the collapse of Chapters," he said.

McSweeney earned chuckles from

across the room when, after a hesitation, he replied, "I have full confidence in the McGill administration."

Other senators highlighted a range of different concerns with the bookstore.

McSweeney blamed long line-ups earlier this month on increased enrolment and classes beginning after labour day.

Math professor Wilbur Jonsson said that while he didn't have "nearly the same quibbles as last year," he was still disappointed with the store's limited hours.

He pointed out that night school students had no time to pickup books after class because the store wasn't open late enough.

In response, Vice-Principal (Academic) Luc Vinet announced that bookstore management had agreed to open an hour early and close an hour late at the start of every semester. He said the store will now open at 8 am and close at 9 pm for the first two weeks of the semester.

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Paparazzi Outtakes from the Mulroney Wedding



We're pretty sure that this former US President George Bush

BY PIERRE ALAIN PARFOND
The McGill Daily



Above: Quebec Liberal leader Jean Charest

Left: former PM Brian Mulroney, and his daughter, Caroline. Frank Magazine offered a prize to the man who deflowered her in the late 1990s. Brian was angry. Fiance Andrew Lapham won the prize.



Composer/Producer David Foster



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Star-Spangled Canadians

Globe and Mail columnist Jeffrey Simpson talks about Canadians, inferiority, and the brain drain

DAMIEN BUTVICK
News Reporter

Emigration from Canada to the United States is an ever-growing concern for many Canadian citizens and there is a need to motivate current residents to stay above the forty-ninth parallel.

Such was the theme of Jeffrey Simpson's speech when he spoke before the Women's Canadian Club of Montreal at the Montreal Citadel on Monday, to promote his new book *Star-Spangled Canadians - Canadians Living the American Dream*. This is the fifth published book for Simpson, a well-established national affairs columnist at *The Globe and Mail*.

In his book, Simpson attempts to uncover the factors that contribute to the frequent emigration from Canada to the United States and includes the personal experiences of individual Canadians from all cross sections of society currently living in the United States.

"The news in today's newspapers about Canadians going to the United States is nothing very new. We've sent, to the United States, people of all kinds for 150 years," Simpson stated in the beginning of his speech. He drew on the life story of the

composer of the Canadian national anthem, Calixa Lavallée. Lavallée found himself traveling to the United States in search of opportunities that he did not otherwise come across in Canada.

"Many of [the Canadian emigrants], like Lavallée, found opportunities that they could not find, or felt they could not find in Canada," Simpson said, reinforcing the depth and long history of Canadian-American emigration.

With about 660,000 Canadian citizens, roughly the population of Winnipeg, living in the United States, inevitable resentment builds up against Canada's neighbor. "I learned long ago that to be a Canadian is to enjoy two rights: one is the set of rights and responsibility that goes with being a Canadian citizen and the other is the right to have strong opinions about the United States," Simpson joked.

"I consider myself to be quite a strong Canadian patriot but I have never believed that the love for a country should be built upon the moral superiority over the other country. And I have to say that the fashionable put-downs of the United States or any country are as repugnant to me as ... the sense of national inferiority," he added.

Nevertheless, life for the Canadian citi-

zen living in the United States does not appear all that unappealing, Simpson claims. Canadians can, for example, enjoy the roaring economy of the United States while facing less discrimination than other ethnic groups in the US simply because they don't stand out. "Canadians don't congregate the way that other ethnic groups do - they assimilate," Simpson said. "They don't face discrimination. Not a single Canadian that I spoke to said that he or she has been held back by being Canadian...They are not perceived as taking jobs away from Americans."

The perceived opportunities in the US, however, are not always readily apparent, Simpson added. "The United States, as some 'star-spangled' Canadians have learned, is not for everyone. The American Dream can be an illusion."

Nevertheless, Simpson suggested, many Canadians move to the United States because they feel they are limited by Canada's limitations insofar as pursuing individual goals are concerned.

"You'll never stop the brain drain. We've never stopped it in our whole history. If you want to make the most expensive movie in the history of the world...there's only one place you can make it. That's

Hollywood. And if you want to make \$7 million reading the news, like Peter Jennings...there's only one country in the world that would pay [such a large salary to a journalist]. And if you want to go up into space, unless you want to join the Russian space program, you have to go to Houston," he said.

The question Canadians should be asking, according to Simpson, is what can be done to promote Canada as an attractive place to live.

"The effort should be [spent on] how we make economic and social policies in Canada to expand the lifespan of our system, which would have a knock-on effect of encouraging some of the people who are leaving to think about staying."



Jeffrey Simpson speaks on Monday

Montrealers Flock to Have Pets Blessed

PHOTOS AND TEXT BY BEN ELIETT

Last Sunday, pet owners from around the Montreal area gathered at Beaver Lake on Mont Royal to take part in a ceremony that's believed to be unique in North America. For 49 years, Canon Horace Baugh, an Anglican minister from Sainte Agathe, has performed a non-denominational blessing of dogs and cats, with the occasional hamster or iguana.

"It's an occasion for people to thank their pets for the joy that they give," said Pierre Barnoti, executive director of the Canadian

Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, which helps co-ordinate the annual event.

"I don't know of any other event like this anywhere," Barnoti said.

Susan Gillett has been bringing her beagles and Labradors to the event for the last 25 years.

"All my dogs have lived good long lives," she said. "I'd like to think that it's because they were blessed."



Above: Canon Baugh spent three solid hours blessing four-legged creatures.
Left: Ariele Johnston and her freshly blessed Labrador puppy Jolly.
Right: Fluffy (being held) and Egida Vattovaz.



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Slibel & Lander

Rats!
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What a cutesy feel-good story, Slibel thought after reading in last Friday's Gazette that the bank machine in Shatner was giving students **extra twenties** with every withdrawal. Why, there was even a "bleary" Daily editor quoted in the story! Isn't that precious! But what was that on Saturday? A "brickbat" (The Gazoo's paltry imitation of On Crack) for students who took the extra money, because they exhibited "slippery ethics." According to the august editorial board of Montreal's English language daily, the crazy kids who got some extra cash should have marched down to Scotiabank and handed the teller the money. Slibel must admit that it's true. The bank could then use the monumental sum to print **another ream of pink slips** for the tellers who are being replaced by the malfunctioning machines. Or perhaps invest it in some nice company that

could give a **Malaysian seven-year-old** a good-paying job. Instead we kids blew the dough on sour candy and smoochies at Sadie's. For shame!... Members of McGill's Senate were elated to see their "new and improved" meeting room when they entered yesterday's Senate meeting. Expecting the same good ole' Leacock 232 that they've come to know over the years, they were greeted instead by redesigned spaceship-like digs. If you ask Slibel, the new Leacock 232 marks the best shot at futuristic architecture to hit Montreal since Olympic Stadium - and we all know what a success story that was! But that didn't stop Senate's favourite faculty fire-brand Sam Noumoff from voicing his beefs with the new room. "The acoustics in this place are as horrible as they were in its previous incarnation," he said, striking a nerve with senators. The acoustical night-

mare that was the aforementioned previous incarnation, after all, is believed to be to blame for January's Cleghorn scandal. Slibel has it that a Senate committee that looked into the matter figured that Dailyites lurking outside the meeting room during confidential session in January overheard the debate over the proposed honorary degree for Cleghorn and that poor acoustics were thus to blame for the scandal. With the new NASA room design, Slibel hears, all Shappy has to do is say "Up, up, and away," and Leacock 232 will actually lift-off, leaving lurkers behind, and ensuring the secrecy of future confidential sessions.... Sam-I-Am Noumoff also drew chuckles at yesterday's meeting during a presentation by Graduate Studies Associate Vice-Principal Martha Crago. When one senator complained that Crago's overhead projections were difficult to see from the left side of the room, Red Sam (as he's often called by no one but Slibel), stood up and shouted, "Please do not discriminate against the Left."

If you're got any juicy scoops or things that you were told in the strictest of confidence, you can tell Slibel! Don't worry, Slibel won't tell a soul! Just email Slibel at slibel@mcgilldaily.com with all your dirt.

*not admissible in a court of law

ON TRACK ON CRACK

ON TRACK: Joe Clark. All right! Back in the big house! Victory is just around the corner! Now you just need to make everyone stop thinking you're an ineffectual buffoon with more chins than actual new ideas and you're on your way. Whoo! **Also: Alan Thicke.** Last time we checked, *Growing Pains* had been off the air for more than a decade. And yet when the actor best known as Dave Seaver showed up at the Mulroney wedding, he was repeatedly referred to as a "celebrity guest." Must be doing something right.

ON CRACK: Eric Lamaze. Literally. The Canadian horseback rider was so distraught by an incorrect drug test that he decided to do the real deal. Except instead of choosing something that would actually enhance his performance, he opted to snort the Big C. He should have taken a cue from Dubya's plunging polls and opted for something with a bit more spunk. **Also: The Polkaroo.** Always with the "Polkaroo, Polkaroo!" Who does he think he's kidding? What's the deal with that guy? Every time I step out of the room, he drops in for a visit. And everyone's like "Oh, he just left" when I come back. I always miss him! Jesus H. Christ!

A Running Commentary



BY JOHANNE MARCIL

I often participate in The Terry Fox Run for the goodness of the cause and the fun I have doing it, but I usually miss the point. I enjoy the mild physical "challenge", the after-run snacks and especially the hobnobbing with a variety of characters from different walks of life. We bring it back to basics in our short shorts and Sunday morning faces. We are equals. We complain about the weather and discuss the drudgery of our daily lives. And somehow it makes sense.

On the morning of Sunday the 17th of

September, I arrived at 9:00am with my pledges and a smile, looking for a familiar face or a cool looking runner. I soon became disillusioned by the ominous clouds, the empty lower field and the definite bite in the air. A volunteer informed me that I had to wait for an hour before the Opening ceremonies and our La Cité sponsored pre-run work out. I was the only runner present and felt slightly awkward in my 8th grade white soccer shorts complimented by starchy, hairy legs. Not cute!

Should I brave the elements, I wondered? Or head back to my duvet? I had handed in my pledges. I was having serious trouble justifying the steep climb up to the reservoir.

Then, I spotted some temporary tattoos and Tim Horton doughnuts and decided to stay awhile. At this juncture, I chitchatted with a McGill volunteer.

"Where are the runners?" I asked while chowing down on a cherry cake special.

"They come at the last minute," she replied. I felt like a spy.

Then the head volunteer barked an order at me to go get balloons. I told her I was a "runner", as if that explained everything. I finally ventured to the table of souvenirs. The Terry Fox biography caught my eye.

The 21 year-old kid ran a marathon a day, against the wind (East to West) on one leg. I knew this already but it took that moment of clarity for me to look past the icon and actually walk (run) in his shoes. Who do I think I am?

With the charisma of a Kennedy and the heart of a lion, he appealed to a higher order of humanity. Like a matinee movie idol, he was blessed with good looks. And then he was diagnosed with cancer. He could not change his condition, but he did not let him stop it either. He took advantage of his situation as best he could. Not for personal wealth but for the advancement of a global good.

From that moment on, my outlook was altered. I jogged over to the bandstand and actually paid attention to why I was truly there.



As two students who value athletics, we were somewhat excited to hear that the acclaimed McGill Daily would be publishing a weekly sports section. Thus far we have seen two of these "sports sections" and have the following comments.

In Thursday, August 31st's issue, the first of these "sports sections", the Daily is quoted writing "McGill's mens soccer team started the season on the ball yesterday when they TROUNCED Champlain College... with a 1-0 score". Now correct us if we're wrong but a one goal victory in any sport, let alone soccer, is hardly a trouncing!

A few lines further down the page in the "Reminders" section, the sentence "Also, Anna Kounikova reminds you that only the ball should bounce". Is this sexual innuendo a joke or has the Daily overlooked such a blatant display of sexism? The only

redeeming feature of this first "sports section" is Brie O'Keefe's quality writing about the Currie Gyn. As a side note, all the "Sports Briefs" are anonymously written. Quality journalism? We think not.

In Thursday, September 14th's issue, the "sports section" seems to be missing a little something: like possibly an article or two. A half-page of low quality football pictures was all we got. As concerned students who fear losing an esteemed paper like the Daily to amateurish and unprofessional journalism, we simply ask: what is the purpose of the McGill Daily sports section? Is it just bad journalism or are you

out to mock the hardworking and talented student-athletes that represent our university? A respected organization like The Daily can lose a lot of respect when it starts belittling its readers; be it athletes or women. We thank you for your time.

Andrew Hennigar
U1 Management

Edvard Glücksman
U2 Arts Psychology

Letters are always welcome at
letters@mcgilldaily.com

WRITE FOR THE MCGILL DAILY

NEWS MEETINGS:

MONDAY 4:00 TO 6:00PM

CULTURE MEETINGS:

FRIDAY 4:00 PM

PHOTOGRAPHY MEETINGS:

MONDAY 5:00PM

EVERYONE WELCOME!

ALL MEETINGS IN SHATNER B-03

LETTERS AND HYDE PARKS ARE WELCOMED
ON THE DAILY'S COMMENTARY PAGES.
LETTERS MUST BE UNDER 300 WORDS,
WHILE HYDE PARKS SHOULD BE UNDER
500 WORDS. PLEASE DROP THEM OFF IN
SHATNER B-03 OR EMAIL THEM TO
LETTERS@MCGILLDAILY.COM

ZACHSKY



More rhetoric for CSIS

For those who think "Canadian spy" is an oxymoron, the recently released CSIS report on the new wave of anti-corporate activism shows that, at the very least, our nation's snoopers read the newspaper every once in a while.

In *Anti-Globalization: A Spreading Phenomenon*, the Canadian Security Intelligence Service – our homegrown CIA – explores the recent wave of megaprotests, with an eye to next April's Third Summit of the Americas in Quebec City. After an estimated 40,000 people rallied in Seattle and successfully derailed a meeting of the World Trade Organization, someone's afraid the same might happen here, possibly hindering the meeting of 34 Western Hemisphere heads of state.

In a rare moment of perspicacity, the CSIS report articulates what the mainstream media have overlooked or downright misconstrued for years: the "witless" and "inchoate" masses who evince an "abiding distaste for capitalism," according to cranks in the traditional media, are not fundamentally against globalization.

Rather, as the report details, "the larger segment [of rally participants] supports restructuring corporations to reflect accountability and transparency." This contingent wants a more robust globalization, one that possibly includes the free movement of people, international labour standards, and enforceable guarantees of human rights. It advocates a globalization for everyone – workers, the marginalized, women, children – and not just ravenous multinational corporations.

But even if the spy agency grasps this, the report has some alarming undertones. It suggests proponents of a fairer globalization espouse a "virulent rhetoric" that poses a security risk to Canada.

The spy agency ought to consider the dangerous precedent of surveilling every organization capable of promulgating "virulent rhetoric," lest agents exhaust themselves infiltrating the Fraser Institute, the Catholic Church, and every political party and interest group in the country.

It's doubtful our nation's snoopers lose sleep over NDP caucus meetings or Parti Québécois strategy sessions. But they're almost certainly spying on campaigners mobilizing for Quebec City, McGill students included. Local activist and former UBC student Jaggi Singh discovered that CSIS started a file on him well before the 1997 APEC demonstrations he helped organize. Several McGill students and student groups concerned about the Summit of the Americas have ties to Singh, who presented a workshop at McGill last week.

And if that weren't enough, the CSIS report says "It is now necessary for security to [be] anticipating the intentions of the demonstrators."

CSIS was at yesterday's Arts and Science Career Fair – recruiting, or "anticipating" the plans of student groups?

A Think Piece About Keeping It Real

Dave Eggers and Cameron Crowe both strive for authenticity, but is it even possible anymore?

BY BEN ERRETT

"The only true currency in this bankrupt world is what we share with someone else when we're uncool." When you hear this line in Cameron Crowe's *Almost Famous*, you know it's the director handing you the moral of the story in convenient catchphrase form. Crowe, who also wrote and directed *Jerry Maguire*, is all about keeping it real, another phrase that's oft repeated in the new film. The movie's about an early seventies stadium rock band on the verge of selling out and the autobiographical fifteen-year-old *Rolling Stone* reporter who's writing about them. The band wants to keep it real, to avoid the silly machinery, et cetera, and because it's a Hollywood movie, you know they've got a pretty good chance. This in itself is a problem.

Keeping it real apparently becomes extremely hard to do when you make it to the big leagues. Even though Crowe's young character is told to watch out for the fake rockers, the rock stars end up learning the virtues of keeping it real. The whole authenticity theme up quite neatly in the movie. In the real world, of course, it's a bit trickier.

Witness the case of Dave Eggers. The man behind *McSweeney's Internet Tendency* and *A Heartbreaking Work of Staggering Genius* wants to be the real article. In his book, he breaks down exactly how much he got paid for writing it, explaining how he planned to spend the money and how much of it he had already wasted. This was a noble attempt at keeping it real, as he sets himself up for cynicism. Celebrities aren't supposed to admit that they're rich; they're just normal people that the home viewers can identify with.

The editors of *The Harvard Advocate* jumped at the bait Eggers had left, writing to him to ask if he had taken any steps "to

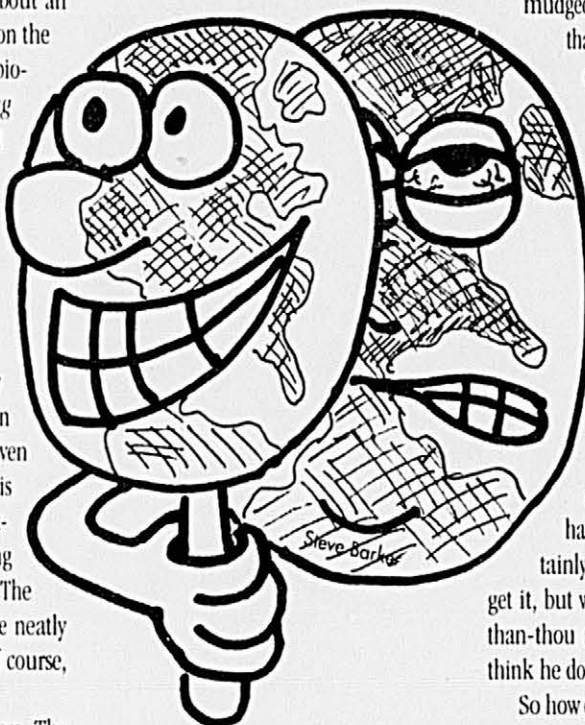
keep shit real." His response, as excerpted in the August issue of *Harper's*, is a passionate defense of his career and a railing against those who deem anyone who makes it big to have necessarily sold out.

"Because, in the end," Eggers writes, "no one will ever give a shit who has kept shit 'real' except the two or three people, sitting in their apartments, bitter and self-devouring, who take it upon themselves to wonder about such things." Unfortunately for Eggers, those people also work at

Cameron Crowe? Sure, *Almost Famous* is a Hollywood movie with a Hollywood ending, but it certainly deserves credit for pointing out that authenticity is a pretty hard thing to come by. This doesn't seem like that huge of a revelation, but it's pretty rare to hear it anywhere nowadays.

For instance, Daniel Richler, at one time the hip voice of Generation X, wrote about the Napster phenomenon in a recent issue of *Saturday Night*. Even though he pretends to be the antithesis of his curmudgeonly dad, he ended up saying that there was a strange sense of entitlement that young people today feel, and that it was moot. Of course, anyone who's bootlegged music knows that it's all about entitlement: when you pay for a computer and internet access, you better get something tangible out of it. Richler evidently didn't get this at all, but glossed over it in his forecast of where the music industry was going. He hasn't sold out per se, but he certainly isn't keeping it real. He doesn't get it, but with all his pop culture cooler-than-thou references, you're supposed to think he does. And so he's fake.

So how do you keep it real? Do you have to set yourself up for cheap shots like Dave Eggers? Cameron Crowe hints at it in his movie when Lester Bangs tells Crowe's character to stick with the uncool people who don't care. So maybe you do have to stop caring and avoid the posers, but this is easier said than done. Maybe the secret is to do what Crowe does: throw in some silly catchphrases and tack on a Hollywood ending, but wrap this around a tiny bit of a moral that admits that that the rest of it is all pretty fake. The people in their apartments may still call it fake, but it seems like the only alternative with any air of authenticity.



Harper's, and they decided to run an interview with his sister in which she accuses him of using her for his book.

According to McSweeney's, the quotations were taken out of context and retracted soon after they were told to a sixteen-year-old boy who runs the website on which they appeared. So maybe it wasn't entirely factual. Why is Harper's so eager to punch a hole in Eggers? Because it's not possible for anyone to be real once they've achieved some degree of success? Is he bad for trying?

Then again, is this what I just did to



10 years ago: On September 24, 1990, The Daily's Alex Roslin reported that three hundred people marched outside the Hydro-Quebec offices of Premier Robert Bourassa to protest the Quebec government's handling of the Oka crisis.

"Protest organizer Peter Ryerson said Canada is violating several articles of the Geneva Convention on War which outlaw the collective punishment and inhumane treatment of non-combatants in wartime," Roslin wrote.

"If these rules apply when thousands of people have been killed, surely they apply in Canada now," Ryerson said."

25 years ago: On September 16, 1975, The Daily's Norman Stark reported on a debate in Leacock about the Quebec government's Bill 22, which was designed to preserve French language and culture in the province.

"Warning against possible future

infringements on individual rights [Liberal MNA] John Caccia said 'Bill 22 is only the tip of the iceberg' and went onto predict that English would be trampled in subsequent bills," Stark wrote.

50 years ago: On September 29, 1950, The Daily reported that unruly University of Toronto students had to be subdued by police.

"Police billys were used to break up a Varsity snake dance through downtown Toronto streets," The Daily reported.

"The students were holding up traffic on a main thoroughfare and the police resorted to the use of their nightsticks to subdue some of the revellers."

UNCLE CAM



Drive me Nuts!

If you don't mind shelling out for a really nice desk calendar, you can learn all sorts of neat stuff. For instance, September is Subliminal Advertising month, as well as National Honey Month. I usually try forget this useless data, but the fact that today is World Car Free Day is perfect for the nefarious purposes of this column. My first topic is this: Why do drivers speed up when it is raining? As I said last time, it's not like it is raining in their car. My theory is the more you operate a car, the stupider you get, with the exception of a few professional drivers.

(Full disclosure time: Yours truly does not have a driver's permit, though he very badly wants one. Nor am I some kind of anti-car zealot. I will admit to loving the new Beetle, though my true love is still the Volkswagen Karmann Ghia.)

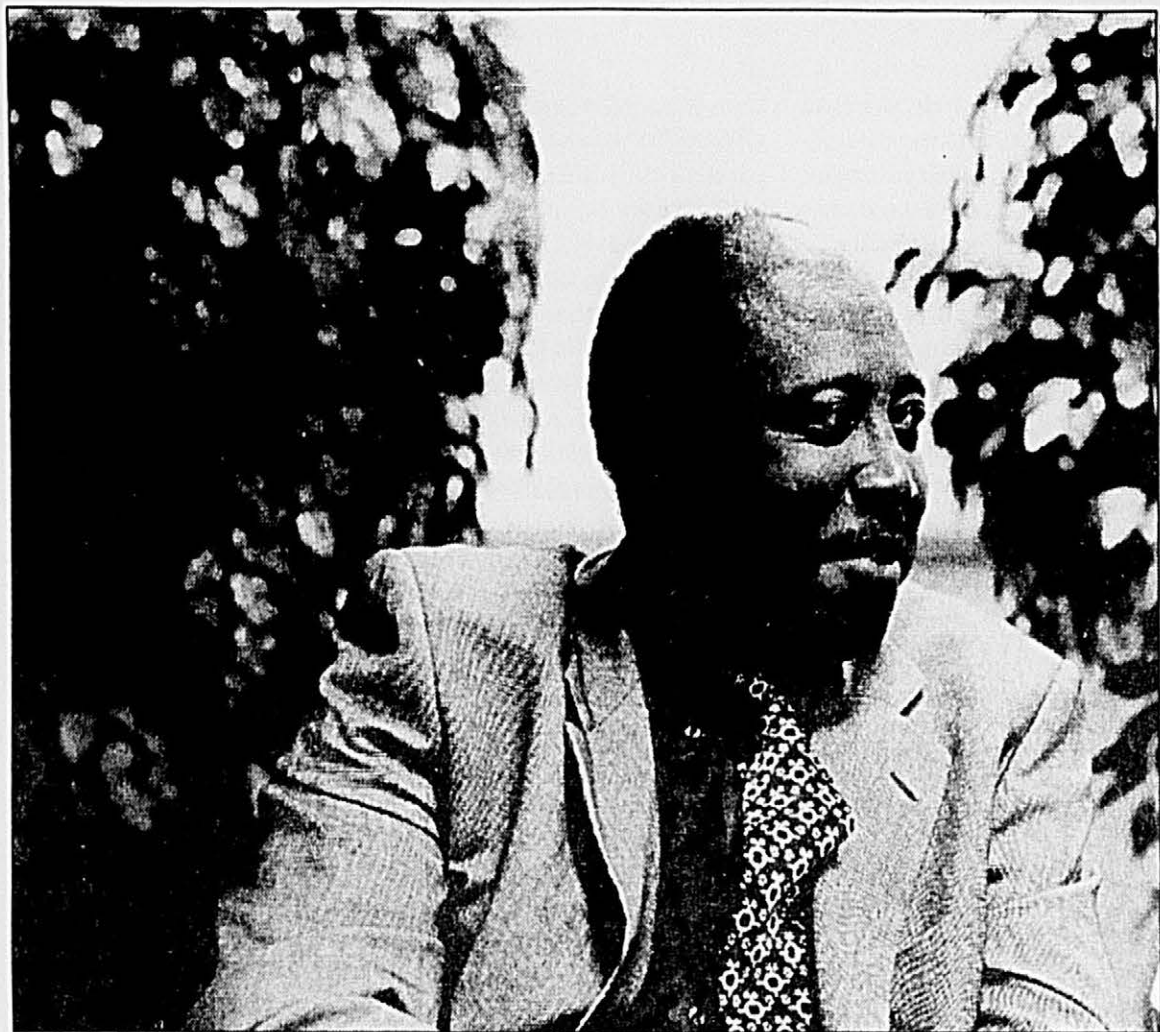
Every time I get to thinking my theory is a little too harsh, I just have to go for a walk and look around. My top two faves are the inching-through-the-red-light idiots and the people who honk when a driver stops to let pedestrians cross the road.

The first idiot is a wonder. Think about it: there is some merit to inching through a stop sign. It allows you to get a good hole to pull out into traffic, and sometimes you have to get a better angle to see on coming traffic. But what the hell are people doing inching through a red light? Do they think no one will notice? My cats use this logic (i.e.: if I move really slowly, no one will notice me knocking this plant over). This always makes me wonder if these people have ever looked at their car. Even the smallest vehicle on the road is bloody huge, and not the kind of thing you are apt to miss.

We've all seen the second idiot in action. A perfect place to watch them is the corner of Pine and St. Laurent, in the west-bound lane trying to turn north on St. Laurent. They are always second in line, and the car in front of them blocks their view so they lean on the horn. The thing is, invariably the car in front is waiting for a little kid or a senior to cross the street. So what does the moron want the driver to do? Should they crush the pedestrian? Just assume for a minute that the first driver did run down the pedestrians. What would happen? Ambulances would come, maybe fire trucks (rescue gear and all) and (many, many, many) police. The police would want to question everyone who was there at the time of the running down, including the moron who was honking his (cause it is almost always a he) horn. This would mean that no one would be able to leave for hours. There would be court dates, where the moron would have to testify.

All of this would waste much more time than simply waiting for the pedestrians. Now, if I can figure this out, why can't anyone with a driver's permit? This is why I figure driving makes you stupid.

From Protester to Prime Minister



BY JAIME KIRZNER-ROBERTS
The McGill Daily

As smoke billowed from the windows of Concordia's Hall Building, and fire raged inside, Rosie Douglas did everything in his power to keep the several hundred students barricaded inside the 9th floor computer lab from panicking. But as the police violently tried to push past the protesting students, and as crowds outside chanted 'burn the niggers, let them die,' alarmed students hurled computers and data cards from the windows, causing millions of dollars in damage and leading to scores of arrests.

It was 1969, and the Computer Riot, as it later became known, would become a defining moment in Canadian civil

rights history. It was also a defining moment for Douglas, then a radical student activist, who would be imprisoned for two years for his role in the riot, and then deported in shackles.

Thirty-one years later, Douglas sits beside me in a trim gray suit, surrounded by personal bodyguards, and drinking a Perrier. It's clear that lot has changed. The smoke has cleared at Concordia, and Douglas, after years of work with the international communist elite, is the new prime minister of Dominica, the tiny Caribbean country of his birth.

After extensive searches through my backpack, a thorough pat down, and a paranoid excavation of my tape-recorder, his bodyguards let me sit beside Douglas, but keep their eyes on me.

Douglas, after all, is friends with Fidel Castro and Moammar Gaddafi. He has led military missions and African liberation movements, confided in Nelson Mandela, been exiled, jailed and deported. He has received unexpected visits from the FBI and CIA, and been called a nigger and a hero.

But Douglas doesn't seem to be too concerned about any of this. If anything, he wants to put it all behind him.

"I am very very happy to come back to Canada," he says in his deep baritone voice. "The passion and

love I have for this country is more than many Canadians have themselves. Canada is one of the warmest countries, one of the most cultured countries, one of the most responsible countries." He is beyond disappointed in the low standing of The Canadiens, and reminisces about the good old days of Jean Beliveau.

Strange things from a man who spent two years in a Canadian prison for protesting against a racist professor and then suffered a humiliating deportation. But international politics being what they are these days — Castro is broke and Gaddafi's friendship, politically speaking, is more of a liability than an asset — Douglas knows his image needs a makeover. Inheriting a poor island, dependent on banana exports, vulnerable to natural disasters, and with a 20 per cent unemployment rate — Douglas has decided to cut some of his losses and appeal to Canada for aid.

"I am very happy to come back to Canada," he repeats. "I hope that I can pressure the government to assist my own country in terms of assisting with development."

STAYING OUT OF TROUBLE

When Rosie (Roosevelt) Douglas came to Canada in 1961, at the age of 18, to study agriculture at Guelph University, he had never read a book written by a black person. He had been raised in a good Catholic family — with 15 siblings, and at least 8 half-siblings — and had little in the way of political or racial consciousness. When Douglas' father, a minister for the Dominican government, took him to the

“When I was walking the streets with my friends, people would say, ‘there goes the communist, there goes the terrorist.’ But all I was fighting for was to be black and to be a human being, that’s all.”

airport en route to Canada, Douglas recalls being told to “stay out of trouble.” The irony of his father’s advice makes Douglas laugh uproariously.

Throughout his four years at Guelph, Douglas did manage to lay low. But instead of returning to his home country upon his graduation, he angered his family by moving instead to Montreal, and enrolling at McGill, and then at Concordia (then known as Sir George Williams), in order to pursue a degree in political science.

It was the mid-1960s, and the status quo was beginning to crumble. The civil rights movement was exploding in the US and Canada, the anti-Vietnam war movement was threatening to topple the American government, and radicalism swept through university campuses like wildfire. By then, Douglas had read the works of Marx and black rights advocate Marcus Garvey. Douglas was also the president of Sir George’s Caribbean Students Network, and was involved in a number of other student organizations.

“You have to understand that the atmosphere was very different then than it is today for black Canadians,” Douglas explains.

“In the 1960s and you were a black woman in this community, you literally had to work as a domestic and if you were a man you had to work in the trades,” he says. “Blacks would come to Canada (from the Caribbean), having gone to university, having held top jobs, and they come to Canada and worked as domestic servants.”

Douglas describes some of the humiliations he suffered trying to find a job and an apartment in Montreal. But black Canadians saw this type of discrimination as normal, according to him.

“They were used to it. They accepted that,” Douglas says.

“But at the time, in the 1960s, we had to build the confidence of black people, and black and whites had to come together for the common cause. Because racial oppression and degradation was like a constant, and those of us that came from the Caribbean had some more self-confidence, we were not willing to accept any kind of discrimination.”

So when word got out in 1968 that Sir George Williams’ biology professor Perry

Anderson was failing all the black students in his class, Douglas got involved. Douglas, and hundreds of other students from Sir George and McGill, demanded that the university take action. The university formed a committee to look into the allegations, but the committee was chosen by the administrators, and students likened several committee members to “Alabama sheriffs.” The only two black profs on the committee quickly resigned because they agreed that the committee was not impartial.

“When the university refused to act, the board of governors refused to act, the Quebec government refused to act, the federal government refused to act, the students themselves took action and decided to hold a sit-in in the computer centre,” says Douglas. “It was significant that we chose the computer centre, it was the nerve centre of the university during the occupation.”

The university decided to cut the students a deal — if the sit-in ended, members of the committee would be re-chosen based on students’ and administrators’ mutual agreement. The students thought this was fair, and began to leave the occupation, figuring that a solution had been found.

“But it was at three in the morning, when there was some of us left cleaning up the place and so on, that the police arrived,” says Douglas. “The students realized that they had been lied to, that they had been betrayed. The police started coming inside and we started pushing them out of the computer room. By five in the morning, an alarm went off saying that there was fire. All we wanted was justice, we were being double-crossed at this point, so when the police came again, we had most of the students at the front. There were some students outside demonstrating in support of us, but the majority outside were saying ‘burn the niggers, kill the niggers.’ And we knew that we couldn’t give in to that kind of humiliation, that kind of degradation — we had all gone through that before.”

When it was all said and done, Sir George Williams computer mainframe was destroyed, there was \$2-million in damage, several students were hospitalized, and



Seth Tobocman, Concordia Student Union

Rosie Douglas, Prime Minister of Dominica, and the leader of Concordia's 1969 Computer Riots, talks about his life, times and struggle.

Douglas, along with other students involved in the riot, were taken to jail. The students denied setting the fire - after all, why would they set fire to a building they themselves were locked in? They blamed police agitators, but the courts didn't buy it. Douglas, Ann Cools (now a Liberal senator), and 95 others were convicted. Douglas got the longest sentence of all — a whopping two years compared to Cools' six months.

Professor Perry Anderson continued to teach at Concordia until 1995. After sixteen months in a Canadian prison, Douglas was deported.

GETTING BACK INTO POLITICS

When he returned to his native country a Marxist and outspoken activist, Douglas was not welcomed with open arms. When he tried to organize a union-drive of the island's agricultural workers, some of whom worked on his father's farm, he was publicly disowned. The conservative government of Patrick John wanted him out.

"The stigma of being violent, of being a Communist, of being a terrorist, that stigma stuck on," he says. "When I was walking the streets with my friends, people would say, 'there goes the communist, there goes the terrorist.' But all I was fighting for was to be black and to be a human being, that's all."

Douglas joined the resistance to John's government. In 1978, John was ousted in a coup and replaced by a coalition government that included Douglas and his brother Michael. But when Dominica was hit by Hurricane David in 1979, the island country was forced to turn to the US for badly-needed foreign aid. The aid was contingent upon the dismissal of the leftist faction of the coalition, Douglas believes, and he quickly lost his job.

"I began making contacts, I knew I had to get back into politics," says Douglas. "But by then I was banned from everywhere — banned from Trinidad, banned from Barbados, banned from Puerto Rico, banned from Bermuda, banned from Canada and the US — it was pretty much a general ban."

So Douglas went to Cuba and then Libya, where he worked as an executive member of the Centre to Resist Imperialism, Racism, Backwardness, and Fascism. He also worked actively in the campaign to free Nelson Mandela.

When Douglas returned to Dominica to run for parliament in 1980, the Libyan government funded his election campaign. He lost, but won in 1985, thanks to more Libyan support. By 1990, Douglas' brother Michael had become the leader of the Labour Party, which formed the Official Opposition. When Michael died of cancer in 1992, Rosie took over. Finally, this past January, Rosie was voted the country's new prime minister.

Lately, he's not much for answering questions about his time in Libya or the

help he received from Gadafi's government over the years. Working for a military dictatorship is not the kind of thing that goes over well in international circles these days.

When I ask Douglas about his current relationship with the Libyan government, his answers are vague.

"When I was elected [in Dominica], I inherited a country in bad shape. I had to immediately begin to build new bridges, give the economy some room to breathe, link-up with Scandinavian and European labour groups and labour parties, the socialist international, and there are a number of progressive men and women, who we have been working with," he says.

When I ask about how Douglas' friendship with Gadafi has affected his ability to attract foreign investment and aid, Douglas gets defensive but remains vague.

"In many many countries of the world, except maybe the United States, Gadafi is an acceptable person, and his contribution to revolutions in many countries is accepted. I refuse to allow negative comments about Gadafi to be a factor."

Douglas pauses for a moment, and then adds, "I'm not going to compromise my fundamental principals, even when it would be easier to go into politics and pretend not to be progressive, not to be able to speak out against injustices. I have decided to go forward,

because the wind of truth is better than the wind of lies and disgrace."

PASSION FOR CANADA

Thirty-one years after Douglas' deportation, it is remarkable that he can pack a hall full of people. But he did just that last Sunday, when he spoke at Concordia's Hall Building, the same building where he and his peers made history in 1969. The number of black people in their mid-fifties in the audience suggests that Douglas is well-remembered by those who knew him — or knew of him — back when. The number of young people present — it was Concordia's Student Union who sponsored his speech — suggests that his history of resistance strikes a chord with today's youth, who are themselves pushing for change.

"Time has proven that our intentions were honourable," Douglas says.

"The contribution that we [members of the civil rights movement] have made is not just for ourselves. It was a self-sacrificial thing, it was a sacrifice that has improved Sir George Williams University, and has affected Canadian history and our society."

Douglas says that the Canadian dream of multiculturalism is a beautiful one. He believes that his actions, more than 31 years ago,

helped build this country and, in the process, built a foundation for change.

"The principles that were defended were for all of Canada," he says. "By adhering to those principles, we made the country bigger and stronger and more confident."



Seth Tobocman, Concordia Student Union

FUN FACT ABOUT OUR FOUNDER:

To say that The Daily's founder, W.E. Gladstone Murray, was a Renaissance man would be to belittle his accomplishments. After he founded this paper, he fought for Canada in World War I, was a Rhodes scholar and went on to become the first president of the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation. Today, an excerpt from the Oct. 1, 1936 Daily on his extraordinary invention:

"With his workshop just a few paces from one of Oxford's best known bakery, Murray couldn't help but become addicted to pastry confections. One day, while making idle chatter with the baker, Murray noticed the bandages on the man's hand. He saw that the conventional hand slicing method of bread preparation was simply too hazardous. While tinkering in his laboratory, he designed a rudimentary bread slicing machine, thus leading the way to pre-sliced bread, and earning the ever-lasting affection of the baker."



CRYPTIC CROSSWORD by Zach Dubinsky

ACROSS

1. Fatten ship with 50 Romans. (5)
4. Promising leap to mix fuel. (7)
8. Mourn Ste.-Catherine, for example. (3)
9. Poet disturbs azure pond. (4,5)
10. Keep 25 cents. (7)
11. From the East, said it took five singers. (5)
13. Kicks out and oddly cites about five Romans. (6)
15. Belarus capital online? (1-5)
18. Insert vote for Anne? (5)
19. At first of events, badly wallop Gothic novelist. (7)

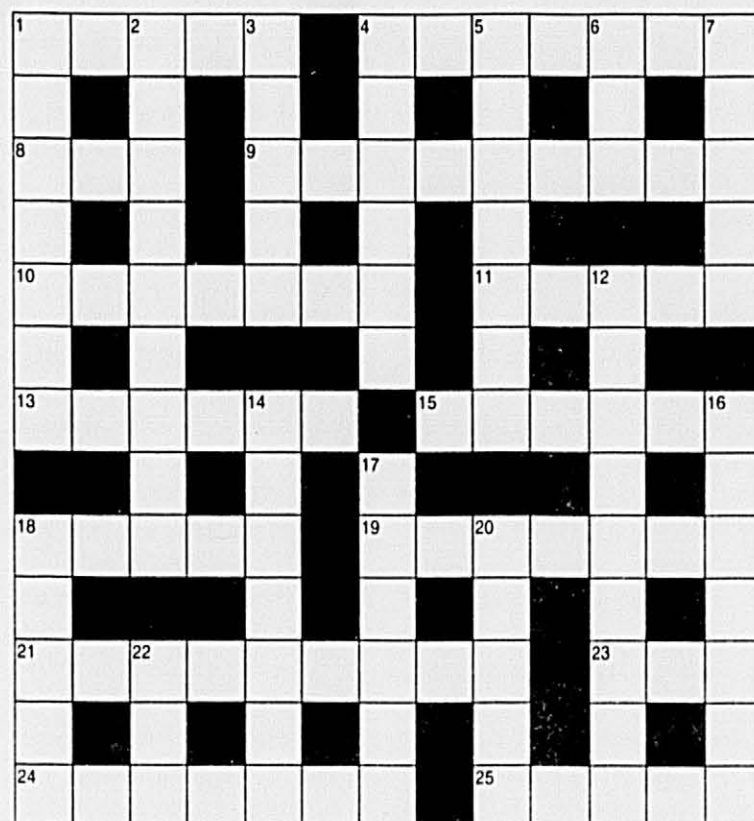
21. She likes pain and wrinkled, moist cash. (9)
23. It drives Morrison. (3)
24. French composer digests edibles. (7)
25. Copy company. (5)

DOWN

1. Period needs fixing, I hear? (7)
2. Nearly expose food scheme. (9)
3. Nurse eats later. (5)
4. Laugh at unusual African capital. (6)
5. See popular style on the rise. (7)
6. Almost mistake sickness. (3)
7. Deposits egg in new sled. (5)

12. On West Coast, crazy raven eats corn oil under verandah, initially. (9)
14. Bill has eleven Roman and Canadian domains, coach! (4,3)
16. Sounds like tidy former tissue. (7)
17. Shepherd's saws in novel. (6)
18. Weird dream initiated explosion. (5)
20. Rubber delayed at 10. (5)
22. Not quite only star. (3)

This cryptic crossword is fiendishly difficult. The first correctly completed grid brought to The Daily's office will receive a prize.



WHERE IT'S @

BY BRIE O'KEEFE
The McGill Daily

www.soyouwanna.com

Have you ever thought to yourself "Gee...I'd really like to serve high tea," but somehow felt paralyzed by your lack of knowledge?...Where to begin...What to serve...Where to get all the crumpets...Or that you would really like to get an apartment in New York, but couldn't silence that little voice in your head saying that you're going to end up stranded in Central Park at night camping out with Bobo, the world's fattest hobo all because you got lost on that endless system of subway tunnels that deceived your innocent mind into believing that the next train on the track was actually going to where the previous train went. Well, fret no longer: the answer is at your fingertips.

In the many evenings all of us have spent "surfing the information superhighway" we all have websites that have stuck in our minds and have in time become near and dear to our hearts. Their stability in this ever-changing world has com-

forted all of us. This is why it is even more exciting when one of these websites emerges from the woodwork as not only an excellent tool of procrastination and waste of time but as being actually useful.

The problem presented by the site [soyouwanna.com](http://www.soyouwanna.com) is not what to do, but what to do first. Whether it be skydiving or backpacking through Europe this site gives you comprehensive, systematic instruction on how to do both. For instance, when I decided that I wanted to become a member of the CIA Soyouwanna.com squelched that dream by exposing that the CIA is not really made up of 007's and Emma Peels. And although I was initially crushed at my newfound grip on reality, I was grateful towards the website for saving me the time and money I would have spent pursuing what I discovered was an illbegot dream.

Nevertheless, soyouwanna.com has proved itself in my eyes to be not only useful, but extremely entertaining. In addition to its instructions on various activities including and not limited to: finding an apartment in every major city in the US,

reading tea leaves, getting a sex change, playing poker and going whitewater rafting. In each soyouwanna there are referrals to books that can give you further information and other related soyowan-

nas. Running amuck among the compendium of knowledge presented in the "soyouwanna" form the page also features "The Great Goosini" a magical goose who offers online palm reading and handwriting analysis. The goose is wise and offers much guidance to those in need and always seems to be able to put in his witty two cents.

Overall, the website offers more information than one could even hope for in a funny, organized format. It is easily navigated and searched with advertisements you barely realize are there. It will remain in my mind as not only an entertaining time waster, but a valuable resource.

Link to [soyouwanna.com](http://www.soyouwanna.com) and other sites that will make your paltry life worth living from The Daily's website at www.mcgilldaily.com

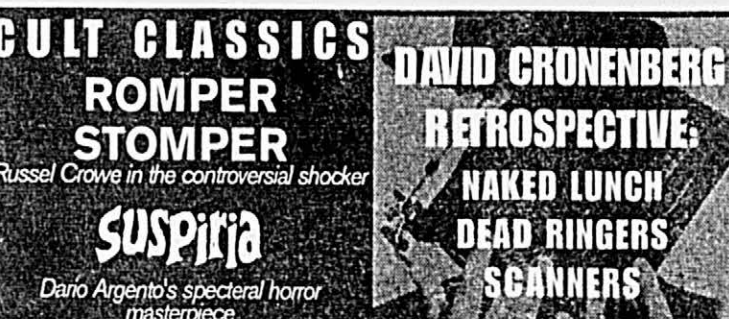
MONDAY'S SOLUTION

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OFF THE DARKROOM FLOOR by Lauren Raven



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Of Democracy and Ducks

By J. KELLY NESTRUCK
The McGill Daily

Do you know the one about the old guy with the duck stuck up his arse? Well, if you go to see *Farce* at Espace Libre, you sure as heck will. You'll also hear about *l'homme avec le canard dans son queue*.

Montrealer Michael Mackensie's new play is a bilingual debate on the nature of theatre and democracy, set in Ancient Greece and bringing in characters ranging from Aristophanes to Socrates. While it may sound like an exercise in esotericism, inaccessible to those who are not familiar with Ancient Greek theatre and politics, it is actually an amusing, accessible play thanks largely to the raunchy slapstick that is a cross between Dumb and Dumber and Lysistrata. It's like the Marx brothers reunited with long-lost sibling Karl.

The play begins as Xanthias, Aristophanes lackey, walks onto the mock amphitheatre stage to deliver an exuberant prologue, switching back and forth rapidly between French and English. It sets the tone for the manic production that is to follow.

It is the later years of Ancient Greece and Aristophanes' satires have been pushed aside by the new, more benign, comedy. He is being asked by manipulative politicians like Isocrates to write comedies without the teeth.

The action unfolds as a play within a play, as Aristophanes resurrects Socrates, or at least an actor playing Socrates, to do philosophical battle with the speechifying

Isocrates over theatre, communication and above all the nature of democracy. Like Tom Stoppard's *Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are Dead*, *Farce* uses famous and familiar characters to pontificate.

This production is a cooperative effort between anglophone theatre company Infinitheatre and the francophone Omnibus. It is an extremely unique pro-



It's all Greek to them, man

duction in which the characters speak the colloquial Franglais that you hear walking the streets of Montreal. One theatre patron described the play as sounding like a game of street hockey in the Plateau.

While this makes for fascinating entertainment, it also necessarily means that Mackensie's play will never play in Peoria. It has been suggested that the work could

be played Spanish and English in the USA or Hebrew and Arabic in Israel, but translators will have a difficult time adapting the intricate wordplay.

Indeed, in order to get the whole thing, one needs be somewhat proficient in both languages, which may be a challenge for some McGill students. It is, however, a marvelous opportunity to get out to Espace Libre, a theatre renown for its innovative

opening night crowd packed with reviewers loved it when Aristophanes and Xanthius banter about critics as "les parasites."

The philosophical duels, while interesting, don't work quite as well. While switching languages quickly is a perfect fit with fast-paced slapstick, it is jarring during serious discussion. The French-English flips seem to come haphazardly and with little purpose. Instead of adding to the play, it distracts from the text. In fact, there is little reason beyond novelty for *Farce* to be bilingual. It's fun, but ends up seeming gimmicky.

Script shortcomings aside, the anglo/franco cast performs with an incredible exuberance. They switch between the two languages adeptly. Some are more fluent than others, but all are comprehensible.

Of particular note is Paul Ahmarani as Xanthias, who delivers a manic physical performance, but still manages to pull off the ending drama. Whether he is swinging a stuffed duck or just standing around, Ahmarani lights up the stage. His aplomb was particularly evident when the giant candle he carries around unexpectedly went out at the beginning of the second act. He coolly shrugged his shoulders and whistled his way off-stage to relight it to gales of laughter.

Farce is an original play imbued with a distinctly Montreal feeling. Whether or not it would work anywhere else, it's worth seeing.

Farce plays at Espace Libre, 1945 Fullum St. until October 14.

John Ortved is THE ART DUMMY

"Our goal is to bring live music into DJ culture - our music reflects the vibe and flow of spinning records, except we improvise the music live, all the time, based on the energy coming from the dance floor." - The New Deal

I have never been able to claim membership to the musical intelligentsia. You know who you are and yes, the rest of us are very impressed and green with envy. You are those who can distinguish good jazz from bad jazz, based on more than just how it sounds. You know which rappers are tight and you can appreciate good electronica without stooping near to the level of 'raver'. I have never been one of you. I have never had the pleasure of pausing mid-sentence and uttering what can only be described as a post-coital moan, searching for the appropriate words to describe the untouchable sound of Radiohead, Bjork, or another superior band we mere mortals will never really understand.

Despite my incomprehension of cool music, I found my niche in House.

Its simplicity and bare-bones reality has moved me on the dance floor like no other beat. It is the only form of modern dance music I can relate to.

Now in my time, I have witnessed some kick-ass house DJ's. Twice, I have seen the godfather of house himself, Frankie Knuckles. I've seen Bad Boy Bill and too many local acts to name. I've seen all these great DJ's spin some incredible beats, but on Saturday night, I witnessed the evolution of House.

I had heard much of The New Deal before going to Le Swimming last weekend and the idea of live house both intrigued me and confused me. They pull it off better than a horny teenager undressing her prom date.

The New Deal plays live, breakbeat house. No sequences, no samples; three musicians and their instruments, a base (Dan Kurtz), keyboard (Jamie Shields) and drums/beatbox (Darren Shearer). With precision and unparalleled improvisation, these three guys turned Le

Swimming upside down last Saturday. The queue was the longest I've seen. Thank God I'm press. For all those who waited and got in, you know it was worth it. For all those who went somewhere else, you missed out like the pizza boy in a porno movie who got confused and instead of taking the order to the house with the horny sluts, you brought it to some guy named Bob's house, who took the pizza, didn't pay you, then shot you in the neck.

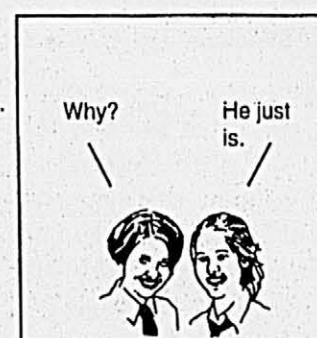
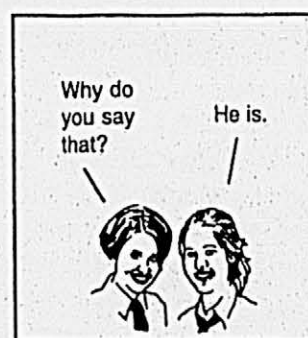
The New Deal should be Canada's finest musical claim. They're not Neil Young or Diana Krall, but it's a different category. They are innovating dance music and have created a sound we can be proud to clap our hands and shake our fists to.

I had a moment last weekend. Good dance music can do that: create a perfect

moment. Drugs can help, alcohol included; but either way, there is a point you reach where the music, and your energy and your feet and whatever beat you understand - converge, and you feel what it is being played. These are moments of *ex stasis*, of Dionysian perfection met with crowded dance floors where you find yourself lost. These moments are rare. They are where your mind is free from thought and constraint. They are perfect and depend not on your understanding of music, or rhythm, or meter, but on your relation to the beat you feel. The New Deal inspired such a moment for me. Thank you.

The New Deal is a Toronto-based band with two CDs; This is Live and their CD EP 2. Check out their website at www.sound-and-light.com

PEDIGREE GIRLS by Sherwin Tjia



TODAY

The Image+Nation Gay and Lesbian Film Festival begins tonight and runs through October 13. Single tickets are \$6 for students, ID required. Call 926-0575 for more info.

FRIDAY

Ben Harper and the Innocent Criminals play the Molson Centre tonight along with opening band Galactic. Show time is 8pm and tickets are \$30.48 and \$41.98. Call 790-1245.

SATURDAY

Hanson plays at Metropolis. Come see how these rock moppets are dealing with the later adolescent years. Show time is 7pm and tickets are \$38. 59 Ste-Catherine E. Call 790-1245.

SUNDAY

Inobe Stanislaus brings together Montreal's black word artists in the Coco Cafe poetry reading series. At Jello Bar at 9pm. 151 Ontario E. Call 285-2621.

MONDAY

Since you have had such an entertaining weekend, better stay in tonight.

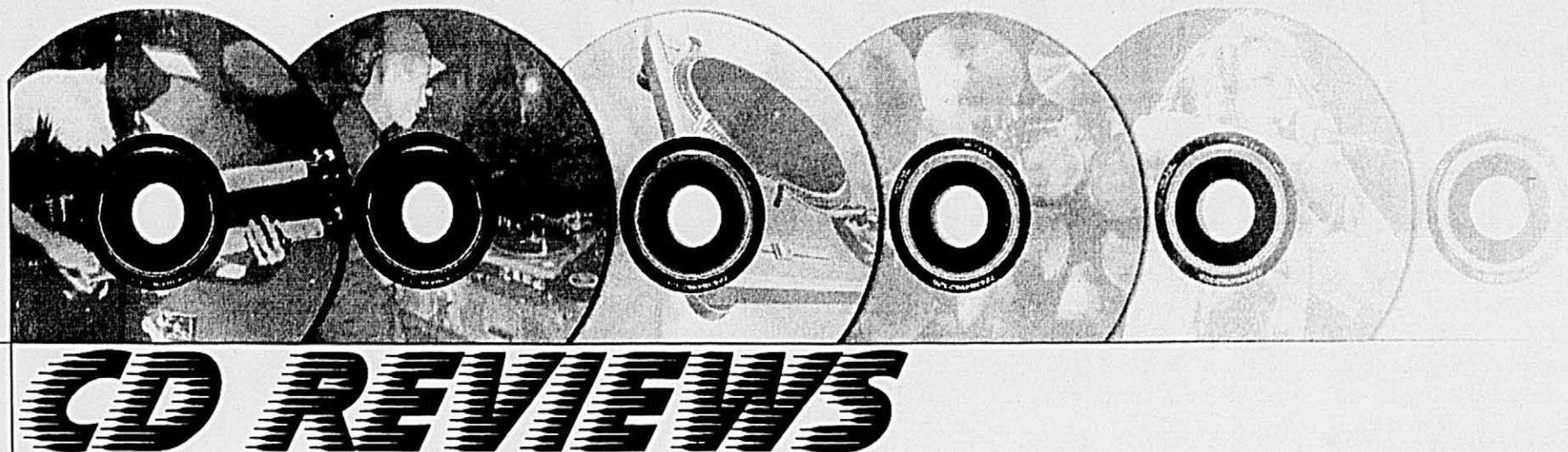
TUESDAY

Qui a peur de Virginia Woolf. This French translation of Edward Albee's play opens tonight at Theatre du Rideau Vert. 4664 St-Denis. Call 844-1793.

WEDNESDAY

If you're a fan of Glenn Gould, you'll want to check out *Glenn*, a new play that investigates his life and times. At the Centaur Theatre. 453 St. Francois-Xavier. Call 288-3161.

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CONFRONTATION CAMP
OBJECTS IN THE MIRROR ARE CLOSER
THAN THEY APPEAR
ARTEMIS RECORDS

Confrontation Camp is a creation of Public Enemy co-founder Chuck D, who goes by the name Mistachuck for this new album. He is joined by former Public Enemy member Professor Griff, singer Kyle Jason, turntablist DJ Lord and Chaingang on the guitar, bass and drums. The album is somewhat of a cross between Public Enemy, Limp Bizkit, and Rage Against the Machine, with a final product that may not appeal to everyone.

Chuck D sums it up best when he describes the album as "really aggressive rap and poetry with singing over metal." Although it is nice to hear conscious lyrics from Chuck D, the combination of a lack of hip hop beats with drums and electric guitar can be overwhelming and headache-creating at times. Although tracks like "Brake the Law", "Babies Making Babies", "Carry My Load" and "U R US" have a definite message to get across, it may take a real hardcore fan to separate the lyrics from the yelling and



overpowering instrumentals. The album's rebellion stretches over to its marketing: Chuck D continues challenging music industry convention by releasing one song per month in MP3 format on the group's web page, www.confrontationcamp.com. — Mike Pelletier

BUCKETHEAD
GIANT ROBOT
HIGHER OCTAVE

You remember when Marilyn Manson first appeared on the gore-metal scene back in '95 or so? He was portrayed as this evil, scary, shock-artist who removed his own rib for sketchy purposes and no one really knew the truth about him. But slowly, after a few years, even the most die-hard Manson wannabes turned in their black panty-hose and admitted that

Marilyn was no more than a media-hyped, Alice Cooper rip-off artist.

I am reminded of this sad spectacle when I listen to guitar-virtuoso



Buckethead's new album, *Giant Robot*. Buckethead is described on his website, Bucketheadland, as follows: "Buckethead was raised in a chicken coop by chickens. He wears a white mask to hide whatever it is he has to hide. He also wears a chicken bucket on his head, and some say 'without it, he is helpless.'"

Everywhere I searched, from the CD jacket, to the various bizarre websites, Buckethead is presented as a mystery: a guitar-wielding madman worthy of my fear. Bullshit. The only thing Buckethead is worthy of is my bad review. Granted, Mr. Head is an exceptional and inventive guitarist. However, for those of us out there without a subscription to Metal Monthly and an acute knowledge of the fine art of the electric guitar, the songs get repetitive and grating pretty fast. The lyrics aren't much of an improvement; at worst they say "Heh-eh-erj-ehp-mm-may-may." At best they read like discarded excerpts from a WS Burroughs novel: "Eh Bootsy, you got everything, my shrunken head nn-needs some white locks...I should've stuck to raising jellied spiders."

The lowdown: Buckethead isn't good, isn't scary, and isn't shocking. You want shock-rock? Listen to Alice Cooper. You want scary? Visit my house at the corner of Pine and St. Urbain and take a deep breath...mmm, burning monkey flesh. Now that's scary. — Olivia Pojar

SUNNA
ONE MINUTE SCIENCE
ASTRALWERKS

One Minute Science by Sunna caught my attention during the ritual passing of the CDs at The Daily's first culture meeting because of the wide variety of instruments listed in the liner notes. The CD is littered with guest musicians playing everything from a cello, to

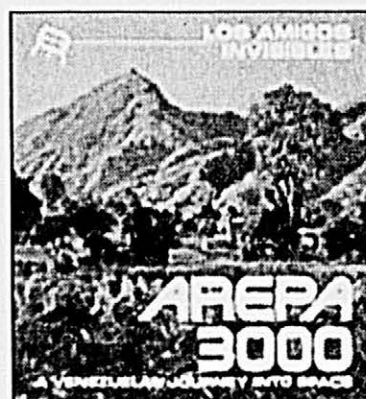
decks, to keyboards, to the French horn. On many of the songs, traditional guitars, bass, and drums are blended smoothly with the more unconventional offerings. In particular, the album's fourth track, entitled "I Miss", skillfully enhances the main acoustic guitar melody with a low cello part that begins subtly and builds throughout the song until the bridge.

Sunna are not without their weak



points. The album's second song "Preoccupation" is slow and repetitive, with the ending dragging on far too long. While some of the lyrics are clever, such as "I miss religion/I miss dictators/I miss their reasons" and "I pray to my god too much/And dwell on death in life/I preach my own religion" the majority of them are cryptic and sung with a distinct lack of real emotion.

Still, Sunna is a good band with much potential. Their musical diversity ensures that they will be around for more than a minute. — Maya Berger



LOS AMIGOS INVISIBLES
AREPA 3000
LUAKABOP RECORDS

Los Amigos Invisibles' first North American release, *The New Sound of the Venezuelan Gozadera*, was the ultimate soundtrack for hip bachelor pad parties everywhere. Incorporating space-pop sounds reminiscent of Juan Garcia Esquivel - required listening for every would-be lounge lizard - outrageous sexual-innuendo, traditional Latin rhythms and a funky appeal-to-the-groin sensibility, the album was quite brilliant.

Regrettably, with this September's *Arepa 3000: A Venezuelan Journey Into Space*, Los Amigos Invisibles have shifted directions. Their ultra-cool lounge aesthetic has been discarded in favour of unfortunate disco and awkward beats. Tracks like "Masturbation Session" continue the group's reputation for sexually suggestive lyrics but disappoint with corny synth disco. Likewise, "No Le Metas Mano," has an embarrassing segue from weak drum n' bass to Salsoul era four-on-the-floor and clichéd lyrics espousing international love. To the Amigos' credit, some songs on *Arepa 3000* are quite good - particularly those that are based on traditional Latin rhythms. The hypermerengue of "El Baile del Sobón" and the classic salsa of "Llegaste Tarde" will definitely have people groovin' on the dancefloors. Regardless, this is an album that should be enjoyed courtesy of Napster and not your hard earned dollars - but by all means go out and buy their first release! — Dan Zacks

MONX
MONX
MILEA INTERACTIVE

It's hard to really pinpoint exactly what type of genre the band Monx would fall under, basically because there is so much variation from song to song on



their self-titled album. For instance, the song "Take My Hand" has a sort of mellow, catchy beat to it, while the song "Save Yourself" is more loud and angry, ending off with lead singer Mike Kiofos screaming "Drop DEAD!". Then, the anger subsides, and the vocals calm down a bit. The variation continues though, with the song "Eternal Life" - a nice instrumental - followed by "Not For You" and "Voodoo Lounge," where the beat and the way they're performed make the songs sound almost like trip-hop.

Perhaps to coincide with the contrasting sounds, the lyrics written by Mike Kiofos and Joe Nistas convey conflicting emotions. The songs vacillate, expressing pain, pessimism and then

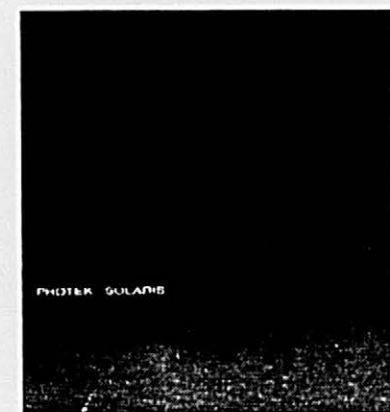
confusion: "Skies go grey the leaves all fade the pitch/ holds emptiness"... "Life is grey life is great/ And I think that I'm going insane/ Things they just don't seem the same/ What the fuck is my own name?"

For the most part, the overall mood of the album conveys a sort of a mellowish melancholy. The way electronic beats are mixed in with the guitar, bass, and drums, adds a nice unique flare to it.

— Goldie Hoffman

PHOTEK
SOLARIS
ASTRALWERKS

Photek's new album gives that feeling of having been trapped in a dance club way too long; sort of drunk, sort of para-



noid, a little claustrophobic. But oddly enough, just like most Saturday nights, it manages to be a good thing, something I am more than willing to do again. I admit, at first listen it wasn't exactly catchy, however by the third or fourth time through I found myself in a happy, bouncy trance.

The British artist Rupert Parkes emerged as Photek with the album *Modus Operandi*, receiving less praise than was expected. His 1998 attempt, *Form and Function* received excellent reviews and secured Photek's place in the drum and bass world. *Solaris* arrives 2 years later, long awaited by fans of Photek, and I can safely say that these anxious groupies will not be disappointed.

Once again Photek manages to stretch the limits of drum and bass as far as they will go, resulting in a sound that incorporates the characteristics of house, trip-hop, jazz, and techno, as well as his own distinct sound. This is the perfect CD for the portion of time on Saturday nights between showering and actually going out; you know, that frantic hour where you manage to try on 36 different shirts. It sets the scene for a very fun, very warped evening. — Jackie Klein

The Terrorist On Target

*A disturbing film of aesthetic
and ethical importance*

BY ADRIENNE LACHAPELLE
The McGill Daily

The Terrorist detonates on the screen with raw images of jungle warfare and an execution that sets a mood of foreboding and leaves a cloud of unsettling images in its wake. The first feature film by Indian director Santosh Sivan is a cinematographic success, not only for its departure from commercialized Bollywood cinema, but also for the brutal subject matter that is communicated scrupulously without sensationalizing the violence of terrorist activity.

Filed on a low budget in only 17 days, this film is a feat of creative vision. Sivan worked with amateur actors to achieve a masterpiece that is a true reflection of the violence and hardship of guerrilla warfare. The director's previous experience working in the medium of documentary film and photography gives this film the edgy effect of photojournalism.

The Terrorist is set in Sri Lanka and features the violent mission of a Tamil separatist group, waging war against a repressive government and fighting for the freedom and the autonomy of its people. Sivan was inspired to make a film with this premise shortly after the assassination by a suicide bomber of Indian Prime Minister Rajiv Gandhi. Reflecting on the event, Sivan was curious about the kind of person who would willingly strap a belt of explosives to her waist and sacrifice herself in order to take the life of another. He wondered about the motives and the mental state of an individual who would agree to be a martyr for a cause. How much of the decision would be her own will and how much would be conditioning?

The actor, Ayesha Dharker brings these questions to life in the character of Malli, the 19-year old woman who wins the honour of carrying out the suicide mission. Dharker, who was awarded a major prize at the Cairo Film Festival for Artistic Contribution is deserving of all matter of praise and recognition for her interpretation of this devoted young assassin. Her intensity, her beauty and her single-mindedness are central to the film's power to captivate the viewer and to explore the subtle difference between selflessness and selfishness.

Malli belongs to a group of young adults and teenagers, who have grown up in camps, exposed from an early age to violence and brainwashed by the rhetoric of the terrorist movement. They are bred on promises of freedom for their people and of being immortalized in the history of the organization if they sacrifice their lives for the cause. The leader's words,

"our struggle has a purpose, justice is on our side, we will shed our blood but not our tears" are consonant to Malli whose brother died in the service of the movement and whose single aspiration is to die gloriously.

The Terrorist is not explicit on the particular political issues concerning the rebel group and their activities. Sivan was not concerned with creating a film that condemns terrorist violence, he does not believe that a film can change the system. Instead he wanted to address the individual experience believing that this is where a difference can be made and where the real hope or horror of the situation lies.

Sivan takes special care in The Terrorist to deal with a barbarous subject without glorifying the violence. Terrorism is a real situation and to mine it for shock value or entertainment is to ignore the severity of the issue. According to Ayesha Dharker, some families give their daughters to organizations like the one depicted in the film as a last resort if they are unable to marry or educate them. In many cases the members of the group are not really aware or interested in the larger political context of their actions but are more concerned with fulfilling a purpose, belonging to a community and being recognized and rewarded within this context.

The film examines the implications of Malli's desire to carry out this suicide mission. She is chosen for what she considers a privilege because of successfully completing 30 operations and because the leader of the movement sees her as a "thinking bomb". She is eager to give her life in return for being remembered; this need to be revered reveals an extreme of the human condition. To what lengths will an individual go in order to lend purpose to her life? Malli is so conditioned that neither her choices nor her life are her own.

The Terrorist is an unsettling film. The concise screenplay, the battery of indelible images and the crafted cinematography sharpen the edge of this feature imbuing it with a nervy realism. The psychological dimensions of Malli's decision to carry out the suicide mission and the days leading up to the assassination are the main focus of the film. Despite the horror basic to this film, there is a beauty that is present in nearly every scene. In this project, Santosh Sivan has challenged the viewer to consider what it is to be human, even in the most tragic of conditions.

The Terrorist is playing at the Cinema du Parc from the 22nd of September to the 5th of October. Tamil with English subtitles. Unrated.

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CCA Constructs a Cityscape

Urbanism and architecture explored in depth at exhibition of cities

BY GABBY JAKUBOVITS
Culture Reporter

It's not every day that we sit around scratching our heads over the architectural ideas that flourished around the time of the Habsburg Empire's last days. The current exhibit at the Canadian Centre for Architecture, *Shaping the great city: modern architecture in central europe 1890-1937*, just might change that.

The collection of drawings and plans very clearly demonstrates that there is more to architecture than a practical purpose and a postcard-worthy facade. Many years before gems like the Leacock Building sprung out of the fertile soil, designers were well aware of the marriage between architecture and ideals.

Shaping the great city takes us on a walk through an era of massive change in the nations of the Austro-Hungarian Empire, both before and after gaining independence from the superpowers centered in Vienna and Budapest. The exhibit is divided into two main parts: the first focussing on urbanisation within the Empire, the second on modernity and its benefits for 10 European cities.

The exhibit first appeared in Prague, after 8 years of research by collaborators from each of the locations now showcased at the Centre. Faced with the demands of a traveling show, the curators invited a special team of Viennese architects to design its actual presentation. The resulting metal framework, with suspended displays, transports the visitor onto a city street complete with squares and meeting places. It might have been the note pad and constant scribbling, but this visitor never got past the "what's-all-this-metal-square-stuff-doing-in-my-way" mental setting. To say the least, the design doesn't take anything away from the exhibit, which is fascinating enough in itself. The cities come alive with the help of slides and video footage, allowing us to put a human face to the drawings and imagine little heads leaning out of the windows and looking out at us from the past.

Although many, if not most, of the building designs never materialized to add to the new urban landscape, the complex political, economic and social influences in combination with renewed national identities that lead to their creation make these potential edifices a very real part of history. The struggle for power in Budapest, the capital of the Hungarian half of the Empire, is evident in the Hungarian architects' rejection of Otto Wagner's ideas for a functional, grid-like Vienna. The post-Habsburg-era social democratic ideals in Czechoslovakia justify the numerous plans for social housing complexes, and even the plan to build a town for 10,000 workers, the brainchild of Bata, the shoe manufacturer.

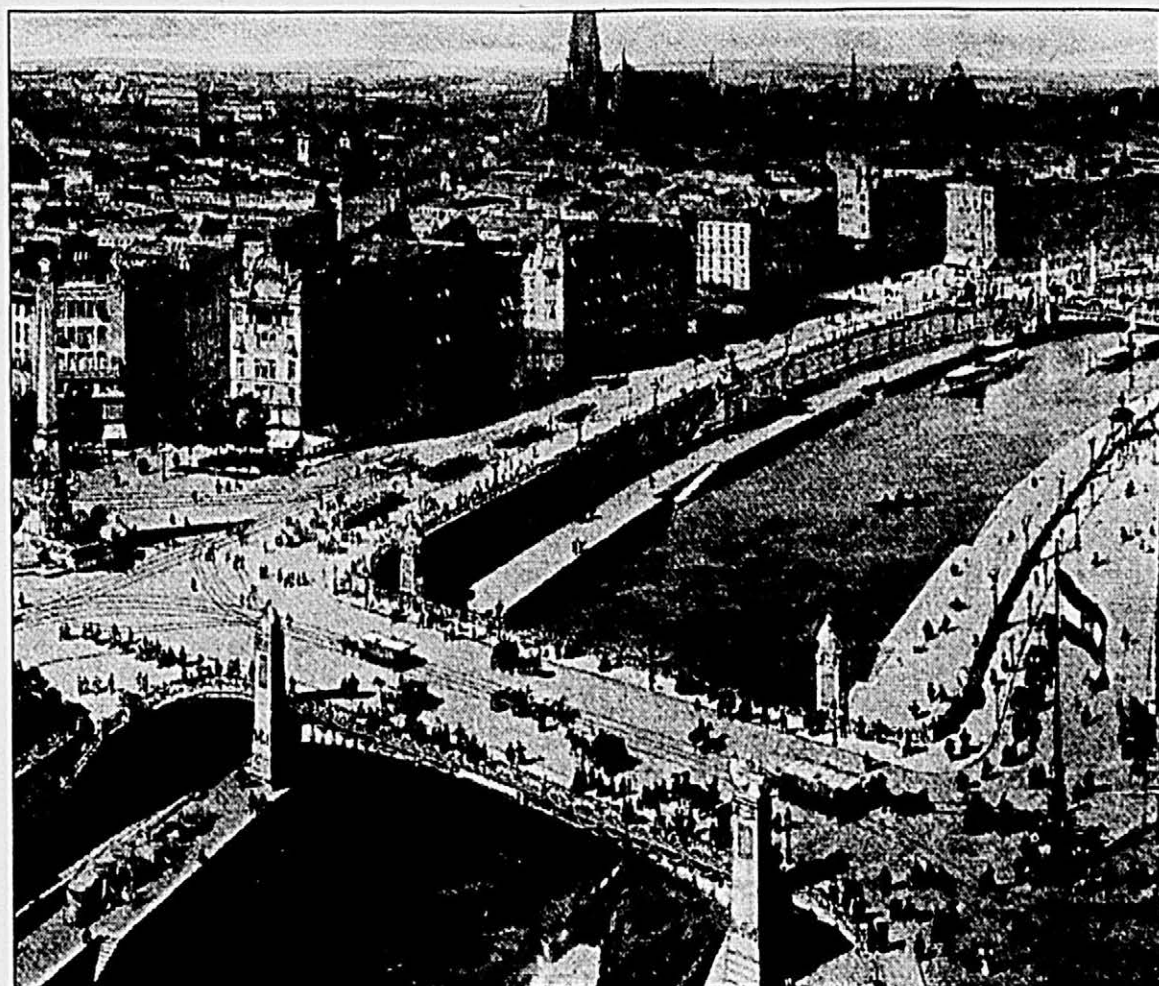
Equally interesting are the parallels between the issues that urbanites dealt with then and now. These were the early days of commercialization, when the storefront became part of the city architecture and information the new aesthetic. Exquisite advertising posts were springing up all over the Austro-Hungarian Empire, predating today's roadside forum of artistic expres-

sion, the billboard.

Shaping the great city is the very first exhibit to explore the role of urbanism in the whole Empire before and after its dissolution. The exhibit is organised jointly by the CCA, the Austrian ministry for Education and Cultural Affairs, the city of Vienna and the Getty Research Institute in Los Angeles, its next stop. The goal of the exposition according to its commissioner, Eve Blau, is to open debate. It poses questions about the social role of architecture and about the city as a facilitator of the evolution of architecture.

Visitors can take away any number of the many layers of meaning inherent in the exhibit. Besides the architectural, historical and political approach, the visual quality of the exhibit itself makes a visit to the CCA worthwhile.

Shaping the great city will remain at the Centre until Oct. 15th. Admission is free on Thursdays from 5:30 to 8 pm, with a student ID card, \$3 on other days. Opening hours for the museum and the CCA Bookstore are Tuesday to Friday, 11 am to 6 pm; Thursday, 11 am to 9 pm; Saturday and Sunday, 11 am to 6 pm; closed Monday. The Canadian Centre for Architecture is located at 1920, rue Baile (corner du Fort), a few blocks from metro City-Concordia.



Paris is one of the cities being highlighted by the Canadian Centre of Architecture.

The Best and Worst of Italian Horror

BY JESSE GRYN
Culture Reporter

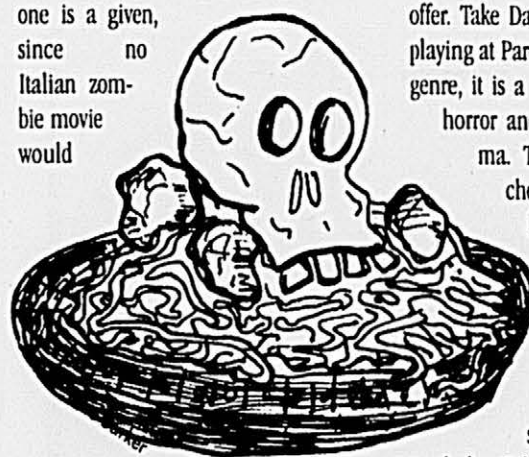
This month Cinema du Parc provides Montrealers with an opportunity to experience first-hand the nightmarish vision of Italian horror cinema. Yes, bloodier, gorier, funnier and sometimes even scarier than its American counterpart, Italian horror will haunt our neighborhood rep cinema this month.

Not since the sold out and rowdy midnight screening of *Gates of Hell* at this year's FanTasia film festival has Italian horror graced the silver screens of Montreal. Thanks to the efforts of cult and late night (and FanTasia) programmer Mitch Davis it seems there's no keeping Italian horror out of Montreal. And for that, Montreal ought to be grateful. After all, now and again everyone needs a fix of flesh-eating zombies juxtaposed with naive vacationers and the blood-splattering, gut-rending, bone-splintering and very messy mayhem that ensues.

Odds are you won't find a film that supplies more or messier zombie-related mayhem than Andrea Bianchi's *Burial Ground*. It is a film which, according to Davis, "is commendable because it's so

completely relentless in its mission to blow audience's minds with extreme violence and mean-spirited drama."

If you're in the mood for a little bit of ultraviolence then this is the film for you. You'll find it all; disembowelment, dismemberment, decapitation, head bashing, throat ripping, and eye gouging. That last one is a given, since no Italian zombie movie would



be complete without a scene involving a human eye and a sharp or pointy object in some imaginative combination. Sound hilarious? It is. Horrible Ed-Wood-style directing, campy acting and dubious dubbing all help to make *Burial Ground* the funniest Italian horror film

playing in Montreal this month.

Italian horror isn't only about getting a decent laugh out of some hapless chap who deserves to have his entrails devoured. Not that there's anything wrong with a good guffaw inspired by an animate and rotting corpse dismembering a terrified victim. Italian horror has so much more to offer. Take Dario Argento's *Suspiria*, also playing at Parc. Considered a classic of the genre, it is a must-see for both lovers of horror and fans of imaginative cinema. This stylized film is worth checking out for the surrealistic lighting and colour schemes typically employed in the more complex Italian horror flicks. If you haven't experienced a film with bizarre Italian sound design or a soundtrack by Goblin you don't know what you're missing. Otherworldly sound and lighting create an intense dreamlike atmosphere that is nowhere to be found in American horror films of today. *Suspiria* was shot in cinemascop, and as far as Davis is concerned "it can only properly exist as a big-screen experience." It seems that introducing a new generation of film-

goers to *Suspiria* will be as exciting for Davis as the discovery of Italian horror will be for all those latent genre fans out there. Says Davis, "So many people here haven't seen it, let alone heard of it, so just turning newbies on to *Suspiria* will be a rush for me. I just hope they're willing to accept the usual awkward dubbing!"

If you're already an Italian horror aficionado, habitual FanTasia festivalgoer, longtime attendee of late-night screenings at du Parc, or all of the above - then you obviously need no invitation. If you've been reared on tame, lame and very ratings-conscious American horror, then you just might be ready for something new. Reconsider going out of your way to see the current Hollywood blockbuster of the week. If you've grown disillusioned with insipid American mainstream films, horror or otherwise, don't let that stop you from exploring past Italian triumphs/travesties. And if you actually like American Hollywood horror, that's all the more reason to rush down to our local repertory cinema and get a taste of only the very best - and the very, very worst - of Italian horror.

Suspiria plays Sept. 22, 23, 26 at Cinema du Parc.

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Charming and Così

Mozart's take on Mars and Venus portrayed by Opera de Montreal

BY LIAM MORAN
 The McGill Daily

Mozartean comic operas tend to have a Shakespearean sense of humour: the subject of the piece is packaged and presented with unsurpassed wit and grace yet the true matter at hand isn't exactly humorous. These principles resound in *Così fan Tutte*, one of Mozart's later comic operas, which is being presented this month as the season opener at the Opera de Montreal.

The title of the opera itself is taken from a line at the end of the show, meaning "so do they all," referring to the treachery of women. Honesty is thoroughly scrutinized in this opera, as two men agree to a wager testing the fidelity of their mistresses.

The old and cynical Don Alfonso mocks the confidence of Ferrando and Guglielmo in their respective mistresses, Dorabella and Fiordiligi. Claiming he can disprove their beliefs within three days, Don Alfonso orchestrates an elaborate scheme in which the men woo their own mistresses in *cognito*. Thus the men pursue the ladies disguised as Albanians looking quite like



Falling for Opera de Montreal's *Così fan Tutti*

extras from *Lawrence of Arabia*. The women are disgusted at first, but slowly relent. As the women let up, however, a

switch occurs, and soon Guglielmo is pursuing Dorabella and Ferrando is pursuing Fiordiligi. Of course the cha-

rade does not last, and the men return as themselves seeking explanation for their mistress' faithlessness. Don Alfonso then victoriously reminds them, "Così fan tutte."

At a glance, the plot seems a bit misogynist. However the Montreal production certainly did not spare the men their guilt. In fact, the vanity and audacity of the men was perhaps the principal subject of scrutiny rather than the fidelity of the women. This was shown by director Bernard Uzan's interpretation of the end of the show. The couples reunite in their original grouping, singing in praise of reason and moderation. As they sing, though, the richly coloured set shifts to black and white with contrast so stark it is almost painful to behold.

The staging becomes increasingly flat, eventually leaving the company in a straight line across the front of the stage. Mozart leaves open the possibility for a happy reunion; the Uzan ending clearly takes an opposing stance, which proved honest, effective, and quite amusing.

The vocal highlight of the evening was the performance of Quebec native Daniele LeBlanc as Dorabella. She

sang the role with impressive ease, capturing Dorabella's lust and remorse with equal grace. Playing opposite her as Fiordiligi, Lyne Fortin sang the role well, but appeared unsure of her direction and seemed a different character from one scene to the next. Alexander Dobson and Daniel Lichti portrayed Guglielmo and Don Alfonso with strong, proud baritone voices and were natural in their comic appeal. David Miller seemed, at times, vocally unsure as Ferrando and his intonation occasionally suffered. He did, however, have many exciting pianos and noteworthy tender moments with Dorabella. Karen Driscoll managed to steal the show with her hilarious depiction of the witty, sly and bluntly honest Despina. Every one of her entrances filled the audience with anticipation of her wonderful antics.

Così fan Tutte runs through the end of this month at Place des Arts; du Maurier sponsors a program for people under the age of 35 to receive inexpensive tickets after paying a small membership fee. Opera de Montreal can be contacted at 985-2258.

Quarterback Dilemma a Delight For Baillie

BY FRANCO D'ORAZIO
Sports Reporter

Entering his 29th and final season on the sidelines, football head coach Charlie Baillie has the luxury of being able to rely upon not one, but two quarterbacks to lead the most versatile offense McGill has fielded in years.

For the better part of the last forty years, the Redmen's bread and butter had been a bruising running game to win and Nick Hoffman, a 6-foot-2, 220-pound sophomore tailback, continues that tradition. Complimenting the running game is a veteran receiving corps led by senior Ben Wearing, who fell just 55 yards short last year of breaking the team's single-season record of 647 yards receiving.

But an offense, no matter how talented, needs a quarterback with enough ability to ensure its success on the field. And the Redmen have two such pivots in juniors Josh Sommerfeldt and Philippe Couillard.

"It's a real luxury," said Baillie. "It's nice to have two quarterbacks who are capable to play at this level."

This is a real understatement from a man who in all his years as McGill's head coach has seen only two Redmen quarterbacks end their college careers having

thrown more touchdowns than interceptions.

Sommerfeldt is one of the most exciting pivots to suit up for the Redmen in the past decade. The Cambridge, Ontario, native became a starter in his rookie season two years ago, replacing an ineffective David McKinnon, and wowed spectators with his ability to scramble out of the pocket. This season, however, Sommerfeldt has shown the poise and maturity one would expect from a third-year quarterback.

"He was capable of running as well as passing in high school," says Baillie, "and perhaps he ran more than he should have last year."

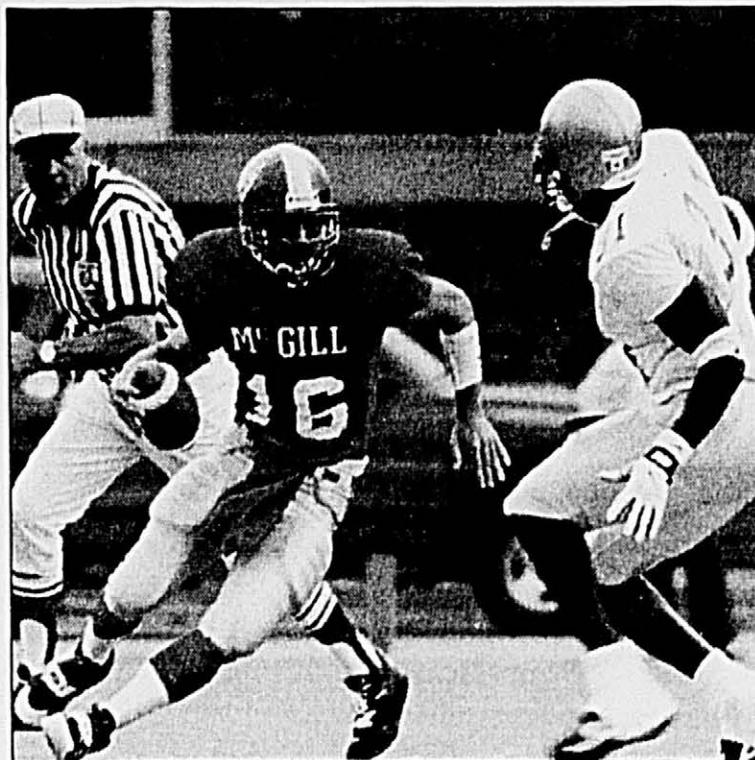
"But he's certainly capable of throwing the ball and I think he's realized that it is much easier to gain yards by passing than by running."

That was evident in last Saturday's game against Queen's. Trailing the Golden Gaels 14-7 at halftime, McGill evened the score on their first possession in the third quarter with Sommerfeldt engineering a four-play, two-minute scoring drive accentuated by a 32-yard touchdown pass to Wearing.

But waiting in the wings is Couillard, who has proven that he is more than a weekend clipboard carrier.

Although Couillard has played only one quarter thus far this season, completing six of nine passes, he demonstrated his ability last season after Sommerfeldt was sidelined with injuries and the veteran McKinnon had been benched.

The native of Cap Saint-Ingace, Quebec, completed 34 of 69 pass attempts for 498 yards in half a season and helped lead McGill over the Bishop's Gaitsers in the final regular-season game to qualify for post-season play with a scoring drive late in the fourth quarter.



Redmen Quarterback Josh Sommerfeldt on the move

The Redmen nearly upset the heavily-favoured Ottawa Gee-Gees the following week in the league semi-final after Couillard had relieved an ineffective Sommerfeldt and brought McGill to within a field goal of tying the game on the last play of the game as time ran out.

"He's a bright player," says Baillie. "He's not quite the runner Sommerfeldt is, but he's a very accurate passer."

With these two at quarterback, the Redmen have jumped to a 2-0 record to begin the season, their best start since the 1994 campaign. And although McGill has yet to meet the defending national champions, the Laval Rouge et Or, or the Gee-Gees, once again a conference stalwart, the Redmen have scored nearly as many points (50) as either Laval (59) or Ottawa (54) while having played slightly stronger opponents.

McGill will not play either Laval or

Ottawa until the final two weeks of the season and could conceivably rack up a 5-1 or perhaps a 6-0 record before then. The season, however, is a long one, and football is a cruel and unforgiving game. But Baillie is content with his team's fortune, knowing it is in the capable hands of Sommerfeldt and Couillard: "Our prospects (for the season) are good provided we continue to improve with each week and we avoid injuries."

SHORT PASSES - This week's match-up between the Redmen and the Concordia Stingers will also mark the 14th annual Shrine Bowl, a charity game to benefit the Montreal Shriner's Hospital for Children which treats all patients for free. The previous 13 bowl games have generated \$239,647 in donations. Game time is 1:00pm at Loyola Field, 7141 Shrebrooke St. West



Philippe Couillard

The Terry Fox Run Sees McGillers Get Involved

BY J. KELLY NESTRUCK
THE MCGILL DAILY

They ran, they walked, they rollerbladed and they biked. Some even rode this summer's zeitgeist, the ubiquitous scooter. What linked the participants in this year's Terry Fox run, which took place on McGill campus last Sunday, was their desire to make a difference and raise money for cancer research.

Despite the weather, which threatened to turn sour all day long, and a few glitches, the 20th anniversary run, with McGill involved in for the first time, attracted a record turn-out for Montreal. It was heartening for long-time participant Eddy Nolan, who was running his twentieth Terry Fox run.

"It's good to see McGill get involved," Nolan said. He was inspired to run in the first run in 1981, after having followed Fox's courageous trek across Canada. "It

just blew me away."

A few years later, Nolan lost his two sisters to cancer and his motivation for taking part became personal. "I'll run it until the day I drop," he said before leading off the run.

Some McGill students who took part had personal reasons for being there, as well. "We have a brother who died of cancer," said Lidia Niro, a U1 Human Resources student who was participating in the run with her sister, McGill graduate, Antoinette.

They were there to honour the memory of their sibling, one of the many lost to cancer every year.

The Terry Fox Day activities, including a barbecue and free concerts, was organized by SSMU and the Arts Undergraduate Society. "McGill has one of the best cancer research facilities," said Jeremy Farrell, SSMU VP External.

The Terry Fox Foundation gives over

\$600,000 a year to McGill University, Farrell explained, so it was logical for McGill students to get involved.

With the help of external representatives and the different faculty undergraduate associations, Farrell put together the day's events, albeit with a few bumps along the way.

Volunteers were left unsure of what to do, Doctor Penfield ended up covered in Gatorade cups and the run started 45 minutes late.

"There's been a whole slew of logistical problems," Farrell said. "But it's worth it for the cause."

Terry Fox who suffered from bone cancer started running across the country in 1980 to raise money for cancer research. He ran an amazing 5,373 kilometres before the cancer spread to his lungs and he was forced to abandon his run. He died in 1981 and the Terry Fox Run was started to continue his efforts.

WEEKEND ROUND-UP

X-COUNTRY Sarah Ali-Khan completed the 4-kilometer race at the McGill Open on Saturday in 14 minutes even, only two seconds behind Beth Williams of Queen's, who won the gold medal. Cathy Moher was the only other McGill runner finishing in the top ten, completing the race in 14:46. The Martlets finished the race in first place with a cumulative score of 70 points, one point ahead of Queen's and two points ahead of Williams University... The Redmen finished in fifth place with Daniel Lennox completing the six-kilometer race in 19:05, the best time on the team.

FOOTBALL Nick Hoffman ran 13 times for 147 yards and one touchdown, and Ben Wearing caught five passes for 124 yards and one touchdown in McGill's 30-15 win over the Queen's Golden Gaels on Saturday. Quarterback Josh Sommerfeldt also completed 16 of 25 pass attempts for 275 yards as the Redmen raised their record to 2-0, their best start since 1994.

RUGBY Pat Weldon scored 15 points on three tries to help lead the Redmen, 2-1-1 (1-0, QSSF), to a 25-10 victory over Sherbrooke on Sunday in the season-opener for both teams.

SOCCER Amber Allen scored the game-winner in the Martlets' 3-0 win over the UQTR Partiotés last Friday, while Laura Newcombe and Sophie Labrom also scored for McGill, which improved its record to 2-0 in league play. ... In the men's game, Sean Shepherd and Joe Gasparrini each scored goals in the Redmen's 2-0 win over UQTR, improving McGill's record to 2-0 in league play and 7-0 overall.

TENNIS Al Gersh and Jeff Rosenblatt each won their individual matches and Don Laflamme and Steve Walker won both of their doubles matches to help lead the Redmen over Brock and York by scores of 5-2 and 4-3, respectively, in OUA tournament play last Saturday at Nun's Island. ... The McGill Martlets routed the Queen's Golden Gaels 7-0 in women's play.

SPORTS SHORTS

THREE MCGILL ATHLETES WIN HONOURS

Two McGill soccer players and one Redmen football player were each named athletes of the week by their respective organizations for the week ending September 18.

Amber Allen and Sean Shepherd were honoured by the Quebec Student Sports Federation for their performances in soccer play last week, while quarterback Josh Sommerfeldt was named the Ontario-Quebec Intercollegiate Football Conference's Offensive Player of the Week.

Allen, a freshman from Chilliwack, BC, scored four of McGill's five goals in two games, including both game-winners, while Shepherd, a fifth-year senior from Kelowna, BC, tallied both game-winning goals in the Redmen's victories. Both teams lead their conferences with identical 2-0 records.

Sommerfeldt, a junior from Cambridge, Ontario, completed 16 of 25 pass attempts for 275 yards and one touchdown on Saturday to lead the Redmen to a 30-15 win over the Queen's Golden Gaels and raise the team's record to 2-0, their best start since 1994. Sommerfeldt also rushed for 72 yards and one touchdown on seven carries.

FORMER REDMAN HIRED BY KNICKS

Former McGill Redman basketball player Kevin O'Neil was named an assistant coach with the New York Knicks of the National Basketball Association on Saturday. O'Neil, a native New Yorker who played with the Redmen during the late '70s, had been the head coach at Northwestern University and also coach at LaSalle prior to that.

-by Franco D'Orazio